

K. Ahmed ben Mohammed

ORIENTAL
APOLOGUES;

OR

INSTRUCTIVE FABLES.

Translated from the FRENCH.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden*; RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the *Royal Exchange*; and I. WALTER, at HOMER'S-HEAD, *Charing-Cross*.

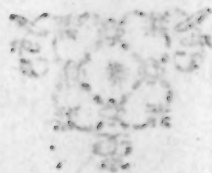
MDCCCLXV.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUES



INSTRUMENTS

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L O N D O N

Printed for T. Davies, in Pall-mall, Covent-
Garden; R. CHALMERS and U. QUARRER,
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at the Swan, Head, Court, &c.

MDCCLXX.

DEDICATION



TO HIS GRACE,
THOMAS HOLLES,
Duke of **NEWCASTLE, &c.**

May it please your Grace,

THE following Work, my
Lord, wrote in the Spirit of
Liberty, and evidently tending to
promote Virtue and discounte-
nance Vice ; to excite Loyalty in
the subject, and set Examples of

4 DEDICATION.

Patriotism and Humility even to Princes; I thought a Translation could not be unacceptable to a free People and a Patriot King.

True Loyalty I take to be that respectful Love and Gratitude due to the Prince, who makes his Happiness depend upon that of his Subjects, and is a Virtue indeed, a Virtue which can never be carried to excess: That Your Grace always thought so, I appeal to your Actions; and hence, my Lord, the true Patriot who sacrifices his Fortune and his Ease to the public good, and the Hero who bleeds with Pleasure to advance

DEDICATION. 5

vance his Sovereign's Glory, who
bleeding dies, and dying prays,
God save the King.

Britannia has lately shewn, to
the confusion of her enemies, that
she had many such heroic Sons;
but of such Patriot Ministers how
few!

In arbitrary Administrations a
base servility usurps the glorious
Name of Loyalty; and there the
false pretending Patriot, I mean
the Slave whom Corruption hath
exalted above his Fellows, pro-
claims Liberty, and breathes Op-
pression. I trust there is no such
Thing amongst Us, I am sure,
my

6 DEDICATION.

my Lord, 'tis pity that there should; yet if there be a single man so vilely avaritious to raise a Fortune on the ruin of his Country, O! that he would compare his Conduct with your Grace's, for then he would surely blush for shame; but should he be too proud, or think himself too great to own a generous Blush, let him read these Apologues, if he can, without reflecting on the mighty Zirmay's Fall, and trembling for his own.

A patriotick Work seemed to demand a patriotick Patron, I have chosen one,

Tho'

DEDICATION. 7

Tho' I have not the Honor, to be known to your Grace, yet has the Name of NEWCASTLE been ever dear to me as an Englishman; he who secured to his brother Citizens their Rights and Liberties by the Hanoverian Succession, has shewn them by his timely Retirement from Power, that his Ambition was ever bounded to his Country's Good. Fortune seems now, my Lord, to frown upon Your public Love, and an immortal Name.

Pardon then, Great Sir, the Youth, who, captivated by such distinguished Merit, is zealous publicly to profess himself with
the

8 DEDICATION

the utmost Veneration and Esteem,

the Name of NEWCASTLE

My Lord;

man, he who seemed to his pro-

ther Citizens their rights and li-

betries by the Hanoverian Succe-

hon, has attended most

Retirement from Power, that his

and very humble servant,

his Country's Good. Fortune

seems now, my Lord, to crown

upon You public Love, and an

The TRANSLATOR.

Pardon then, Great Sir, the

Youth, who, captivated by such

distinguished Merit, is zealous

publicly to profess himself with

the

ADVERTISEMENT.

AME D. BEN MOHAMMAD, Author of these Apologues, had been **Rashaw** under the late Sultan. The Cause of his Disgrace is unknown; he spent the fix last Years of his Life in Exile, at Archipelago, where he wrote these Apologues.

Altho' he was a great Admirer of LOCKMAN and PILPAY, he thought fit to adopt a Method different from theirs. 'Tis certain,

th

ADVERTISEMENT. 9

Fontaine, have authorized, by some of their Fables, *Amen Ben Moba-med*'s kind of Apologues, and sheltered him from Reproach on that Account. Nay, I may venture to say, that perhaps he ought to have preferred this Method. *Mohamed* was desirous to lay down a regular Plan for the Education of his Children, some of whom were already arrived at Years of Maturity, and might hope to become Bashaws. What Monotony would have reigned through this regular Plan, if he had constantly put a Lion for a King, an Ape for a Courtier, a Tyger for an Aga, a Fox

10. ADVERTISEMENT.

Fox for a Vizier, and a Rat for a Financer? I dare believe that these Apologues would have made less Impression on his Children's Minds; it was necessary to interest, to affect them at an Age, when the Heart is intoxicated with Vanity and Pleasure.

And the better to diversify his Works, *Mohamed* sometimes collects from us his Examples, either true or false; nay, he often descends from his Oriental Style, to imitate our Manner of Writing; which we cannot condemn without Injustice, since many of our Authors assume the Oriental, and they are not displeased with us.



ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.

BOOK I.

APOLOGUE I. by way of Introduction.

AMED BEN MOHAMED to his WIFE.

ALREADY the young
A forerunner of the day, by
an imperceptible flight,
arises from the depths of obscurity,
and comes to rest herself on the top
of mount Atlas.

From the crown which glitters on
her front, proceeds soft insinuating
B beams

beams, which seem to drive before them the uncertain shades of night.

O earth, thou dost smile upon her, and ye, ye birds salute her. O gentle morning dew, 'tis thou who proclaimest her coming, thou descendest to hasten, nature's awake.

O my dear! dost thou not feel it gently moisten thy eye-lids? dost thou not perceive how it diffuses over all thy charms an embellishing freshness?

See with what lively sparkling colours it paints all around us; see how it forms on these verdant grass plots, and on those distant blossoms a thousand twinkling diamonds.

Ye purple roses render homage for your splendor, and ye green orange-trees,

A P O L O G U E S. 3

trees, be not unmindful that ye owe the delicious flavour of your golden apples to its nourishing moisture.

'Tis thus that dress'd out in the brilliant colours of allegory, fable attracts our attention, openeth our hearts, steals in and pours the love of virtue, from whence spring the flowers of enjoyment, and the fruits of wisdom.

Dear partner of myself, may these words be unto thee a pure and healing balm; may this truth be grafted in thy soul, as thy image is graven in my heart.

The immortal father of all things hath shed on our nuptial bed the dew of his blessings. He hath given us a numerous offspring, let us consider

that our babes as yet owe us nothing but their existence.

'Tis to the tender aliment thy breast didst kindly lavish on them, that they are indebted for their health and vigor; do for the mind what thou hast done for the body.

Impart to them, dear spouse, all the riches of thy soul, offer them another milk to render their hearts as pure as thine.

But above all things, inspire them with that affectionate confidence which thou knowest so well how to prove; in loving thee they will desire to imitate thee, they will journey on to wisdom, and think they set out for pleasure.

Yet

Yet scarce able to walk alone, who more proper than their mother to tender them the hand, and conduct them in the thorny path of virtue? If the cruel bramble fastens to their tender feet, who more fit to sympathize with their weakness, wipe away their tears, and apply to their hurt the balm of consolation?

The fiction of apologue, which would terrify them in my mouth, will charm them in thine, thine which gathered the first kisses from their lips.

Thy artless graces, winning manner, the engaging charms of thy voice, will cause them to listen to thee, with transport, with voluptuousness.

6 O R I E N T A L

Methinks I already see them busy
about me; I see soft persuasion trickle
from thy lips, and the pleasure of
hearing thee become a necessity for
them.

Happy children, ye to whom vir-
tue is habitual, an altar is to you
{ the throne of God, and the throne
of kings is to you an altar. }

The admiring earth blesses heaven
who made ye, ranks ye amongst the
wise, and engraves your renowned
names in the records of time.

And when the mournful cry of
death shall reach your ears, far from
being terrified like unto the guilty,
far from despairing like unto the
wicked.

Ye

APOLOGUES. 7

Ye shall lift up your innocent hands to the God of the just, and so shall ye pass from life unto death, even as one passeth from sleep unto life.





APOLOGUE II.

The STORK and the STAG.

DEATH, preceded by all its hideous train, hath often come to point out my bier to me ; but as soon as I had recourse to my art, he fled.

He fled, and health with an open countenance came and spread upon my cheeks its bright vermillion with her rosy fingers.]

Thus an intemperate doctor harangued a sober man after rallying him for his ignorance, the sober man replied.


A stork insulted a stag, thou hast not, says he, like unto me, the secret of healing the sick. No, answered the stag, but I have the art never to be ill.

The ignorant man died of an accident in his hundred and fifteenth year, the physician of old age at forty.

The stork taught mankind to re-establish their health by the use of . . . l'usage des lavemens.

The stag taught them to preserve it by exercise and sobriety.

FOR I K NOT A L G C



APOLOGUE III.

The Power of RELIGION.

TH E * Kalif Hufsan, fon of the great Ali, being at table, one of his flaves let fall a plate of boiling rice upon his head; Hufsan caft a stern look upon the flave, who trem-

* Hufsan, fifth Kalif of Muffulmen, fucceeded his father Ali, who had espoufed the daughter of Mahomet; he was, as well as his father, an example of wifdom and virtue.

I am not much surprized that a man of the dregs of the people, after marrying a woman whose footman he had been, should persuade her that he was inspired; but that without knowing either how to read or write, he should reckon among his principle disciples, Ali, the most virtuous and learned man of his age, that ignorant of the first principles of the military art he should make Omar the greatest Arabian general, whose virtue equaled his courage, march under his banners, this I can scarce have any conception of. . . . Every step we take in history we find the great oppress the poor, yet bend the knee to knavery.

bling

bling, prostrated himself before him,
and repeated these words from the
sublime Alcoran,

Heaven is prepared for those who
withhold and moderate their rage.

HUSSAN, *cooly*.

I am not at all angry.

The SLAVE, continuing the verse.

And he who pardons those who
have offended him.

H U S S A N.

I pardon thee.

The SLAVE continuing.

And God especially cherisheth
him who renders good for ill.

HUSSAN, *kindly offering him his hand.*

Well. Rise. I give thee thy li-
berty, and four hundred drachms of
silver.

The

The slave returned a thousand thanks to the virtuous Kalif.

O my prince, cry'd he, you imitate the tree abounding with leaves and fruit, who friendly lends its shade, and yields its fruits even to him whose audacious hand hurl'd stones against it.



APO-



A P O L O G U E IV.

O Ye princes who swerve from the ways of justice, tremble to question the just; for the truth abideth on his lips.

The wise Fodahil * had spent his fortune in the service of Kalif Haroun Rachid; this monarch, drowned in pleasures, asked him in irony, Knowest thou any one who pretendest to be more disinterested than thyself?

F O D A H I L,

Yes, sire.

* Fodahil finding that his presence at court was disagreeable to the Kalif, and that he could be no longer of service to his country, retired into a desert and turned hermit; his manners were the most austere.

H A R O U N

HAROUN.

Who is he?

FODAHIL.

Yourself. I have only sacrificed my fortune; you sacrifice your glory.

A very singular circumstance is reported of him; that he was never seen to laugh but once in his life, and that was the day he lost his only son, whom he loved most tenderly.

We must not confound, like the generality of historians, this Fodahil with another, who lived under the same Kalif, who changed his profession of robber for that of dervise.





APOLOGUE V.

The PRINCE and the MOUNTAIN.

THU S spoke Afrain the young
 sovereign of the mountain,
 weeping over the bloody bodies of
 his subjects, whom the sword of the
 enemy had just cut off.

How hard, how terrible is it for a
 prince, naturally sensible and gene-
 rous, to have to reproach himself for
 misfortunes of his people!

Genius of death, either cease to ra-
 vage my dominions, or turn upon
 mine own head thy exterminating
 sword.

Thou, O mountain Afrain, didst

see

the glory of my ancestors : thou sawest the prosperity of their numerous subjects, do but view our disasters, behold my shame.

Ye deserts and uncultivated fields, we have nought to hope from your parched-up bosom ; ye who were wont to give sustenance to my people, even ye are about to become their tombs.

Open under my footsteps and swallow me up, O earth ! spare me the horror of seeing those devoured by famine whom the thunder and the sword have not destroyed.

Whilst he was speaking, word was brought him that a golden mine had been just discovered in the mountain ; thither he flies on the wings of joy.

Scarce was the prince arrived,
when lo! a marvellous voice, which
issued from the mountain's top, re-
founded these words to afar.

Thou bewailest thy people without
succouring them; thy heart was
plunged in sorrow, but thy mind in
indolence, and vainly didst thou
smite the air with thy sighs.

The labourer hath dug into my
bosom, and I have yielded all my
treasure.

Man, dig thus into thy heart, KING
dig into the hearts of thy subjects.
Thence shalt thou extract treasures
more precious unto thee, than all
the mines that are hid in the bowels
of the earth.

A P O.



APOLOGUE VI.

The two WISHES.

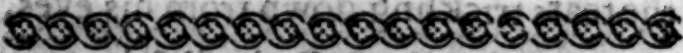
EVIL be unto you, ye great ones of the earth, if ye know not the value of a favorite who dare to tell you the truth.

The Kalif Nassar, throwing gold into a cistern, would to heaven, cry'd he, that I may live long enough to fill it! at these words his favorite trembled with indignation, and was going to leave him. The Kalif stopped him. Whither goest thou, says he? Pardon me, sire, answered the favorite; I remember to have accompanied your father hither; the cistern then was full. He sigh'd, and
the

the tears trickling down from his eyes,
thus exclaimed: O God of Mahomet,
let me live long enough to employ
all these riches to make my subjects
happy. *

* In levying taxes this virtuous monarch
looked upon himself only as the depositor, and
whilst he reign'd alone, restored to his people
all the sums which had not been expended for
the public good.





APOLOGUE VII.

The DISCIPLE who would outdo his
MASTER.

ABDALLA, the most learned of his time, and the most industrious, attributed his knowledge to the waters of Mecca, which he drank with great devotion; one of his disciples thinking to surpass him, threw away his books, and did nothing but drink of the sacred well; he would become wise, he became drop-sical.

A P O.

APOLOGUE VIII.

The LAW-GIVER.

THE angel of justice throws
open the gates of the firma-
ment, and the universe echoes with
the sound.

More swift than thought, he launches
from the tops of the heavens into
the ambient air.

Thither his eyes wandering around
o'er the surface of the earth, he seeks
a mortal, just, and able to reform the
laws of mankind.

He sees Confucius, whose counte-
nance, more splendid than Aurora's,
exalted itself above all the sages.

He

He flies to him, and pours upon his eye-lids a draught which renders his sight more piercing than the eagle's, and gives power to his understanding to comprehend the greatest mysteries.

Then seating him on his wings, glittering with all the colours of the rainbow.

He transports him to a place from whence he may contemplate, at one view, the vast superstructure of the universe.

Confucius is struck dumb with astonishment, he sees an enormous giantefs. *

* If Amed Ben Mohamed did not speak here as a Poet, we should have room to suspect him of materialism, which the Chinese letters have been so falsely charged with.

The

The stars from her crown, and the
burning planet of day, that im-
mense and luminous globe placed in
the middle of her forehead, is the
eye which enlightens her.

The moon and the earth resemble
her breasts.

Her head is lost in the immensity
of the heavens, her feet descend even
beneath the deep gulphs of hell.

Her arms are extended over the
whole creation, and the extremities
of her fingers are the bounds where
matter expires, and nothingness takes
its rise.

My son, cries a majestick voice,
'tis thy mother; 'tis nature speaks to
thee; attend and learn.

To

To keep man from inaction I gave him wants ; to force him to satisfy them I employed the charms of pleasure ; the greater his necessities, the more affecting would I have the temptation.

Beware how thou imitatest them ; these madmen, who to purify my laws dare to contradict them. Works of mine hands, from what authority are ye my judges, ye mistake yourselves, and imagine ye know me !

But evil be unto him above all, who spilleth blood to establish order ; Man, feelest thou all the value of the life of man ? Citizens, know ye no other way but death to punish your guilty fellows ?

O thou, my son! wilt thou slaves?
imitate them, walk with them in
the bloody rout of despotism.

Wilt thou, men? exalt them above
themselves; shew unto each the ma-
jesty of his being.

'Tis not a citizen or two thou hast
to enoble, 'tis the whole nation; 'tis
not the master of the family alone,
but his wife, yea, and his children
also.

Let honors and riches be the re-
wards of virtue, science and industry,
that emulation may be the only spur
to press them on, and glory shall
be their only idol.

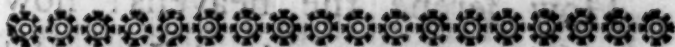
That the structure of the laws may
be simple, let it be rais'd upon a foun-
dation which can never be shaken.

C

So

So mayest thou open thy dun-
geons, destroy thy scaffolds and
crosses; honor watcheth at thy door;
and the dread of shame more power-
ful than death, shall secure thy laws,
and abide as long as they.





APOLOGUE IX.

The TRAVELLER.

AS soon as I perceived the first sparkling fires of day, I mounted my afs and took the path which leads to the high-road of Babylon ; scarce was I there, when in raptures I exclaimed.

Oh how mine eyes do wander with joy o'er yon green hills ! with what delicious perfumes do these flow'ry meadows embalm the air !

I am in a beautiful avenue, my afs and I may retire under the shade of its trees when it shall seem good unto us.

How serene the heavens! how fine a day! how pure the air I breathe! well mounted as I am, I shall arrive before dusk.

Whilst I uttered these words, besotted with joy, I looked kindly down upon my ass, and gently stroaking him.

From afar I see a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a serious and disdainful air.

All clothed in long purple robes, with belts and golden fringes; interspersed with precious stones.

Their camels soon came up with me; I was dazzled by their splendor, and humbled by their grandeur.

Alas!

Alas ! all my endeavours to stretch myself, served only to make me appear more ridiculously vain.

Mine eyes did measure them incessantly ; scarce did my head reach their ancles : I was sorely vexed from the bottom of my soul, nevertheless did I not give over following them.

Then did I wish that my ass could raise himself as high as the highest of camels, and fain would I have seen his long ears peep o'er their lofty heads.

I continually incited him by my cries, I press'd him with my heels and my halter ; and tho' he quickened his pace, yet six of his steps scarce equalled one of the camel's.

In short we lost sight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. What difference, cried I, between their lot and mine? Why are they not in my place? or why am I not in theirs?

Wretch that I am! I sadly journey on alone upon the vilest and the slowest of animals; they, on the contrary . . . happy they! . . . would blush to have me in their train; so despicable am I in their eyes.

Buſied in theſe reflections, and loſt in thought, my aſs finding I no longer preſſed him, ſlackened his pace, and preſently ſtooped to feed upon the thistles.

The graſs was goodly; it ſeemed to invite him to reſt; ſo he laid him down:

I

I fell; and like unto him who from a profound sleep awaketh in surprize, so was I on a sudden awakened from my meditations..

As soon as I got up, the voice of thousands came buzzing in my ears; I looked around, and behold a troop still more numerous than the former.

These were mounted as poorly as myself; their linen tunicks the same as mine; their manners seemed familiar; I addressed the nearest.

Do your utmost, says I, you will never be able, mounted as you are, to overtake those who are a head of you.

Let us alone, says he, for that; the madmen! they risk their lives; and for

what ? to arrive a few minutes before us.

We are all going to Babylon, an hour sooner or later, in linen tunick, or purple robes, on an ass, or a camel, what matters it, when once one is arrived ? nay upon the road, so you know how to amuse yourself ?

You for example : What would have become of you had you been mounted on a camel ? your fall, says he, would have been fatal. I sighed, and had nothing to reply.

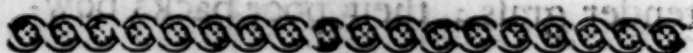
Then, looking behind me, how great was my surprize to see men, women, and children following us afoot, some singing, others skipping on the
tender

tender grafs ; their poor backs bowed under their burdens.

Then cried I, transported beyond myself, they go to Babylon as well as I: And is it they who rejoice? And is it I who am sad? When on a sudden my oppressed heart became light; and I felt a gentle joy flow within my veins.

Ere we got in, we overtook the first party; their camels had thrown them, their long purple robes, their belts, and gold fringes interspersed with diamonds were all covered with mud.

Then, ye powerful of the earth; even then it was I perceived the littleness of human grandeur; but the just estimation I made of it, did not render me insensible to the misfortunes of others.



APOLOGUE X.

Presence of MIND.

O Just God! if thou permittest tyrants to enjoy peace of mind, wherein doth their condition differ from that of good kings?

Hagiag, by his unheard of cruelties, become the horror and terror of his people, had strayed in the fields without attendance and without any marks of distinction, when meeting with an Arab of the desert; I should be glad to know, says he to him, what kind of man this Hagiag is, I hear so much talk of.

The A R A B.

Hagiag is not a man; he is a tyger, a monster.

HAGIAG.

H A G I A G.

What is he accused of.

The A R A B.

A heap of crimes : he has spilt the blood of above a million of his subjects.

H A G I A G.

Didst thou ever see him?

The A R A B.

No.

H A G I A G.

Lift up thine eyes then ; 'tis him thou art speaking to.

The Arab, without the least mark of surprise, fixed his eyes upon the prince, and asked him boldly ;

But knowest thou who I am ?

H A G I A G.

No.

The

The ARAB.

I am of the family of Zobar, every one of the descendants runs mad one day in the year; this is my day.

Hagiag pardoned him.

Presence of mind is capable of all things, since the Arab of the desert thereby procured pardon from Hagiag.





APOLOGUE XI.

The S A G E.

THOU, said I to the renowned
Philosopher Tahika, * who
knowest all things, tell me I pray
what I shall do to attain unto wis-
dom?

You see, answered the philosopher,
yon blind man, how he walks amidst
the crowd, with the help of his staff;
he maketh sure of nothing till he
hath touched it; you see him; why
ask you then what thou oughtest
to do? You have the example be-
your eyes.

* Tahika was a singular sort of philosopher,
he taught nothing but what was conformable to
good sense; all he taught, he practised; he was
neither morose, nor vainly modest; he had a
perfect knowledge of mankind; he had friends
and confided in them.

A P O L O G U E XII.

*The WARRIOR and the JUGGLER.**

AN Old warrior being mortally wounded in battle, his parents, friends, and the chiefs of the nation were assembled around him in the hut where he gave up the ghost.

Remember always my friends, says he, that the wise man is he who shareth his game and his fish with his brethren; he offers them his mat, nay his life if it be needful; he indulges himself in moderate pleasures, and neither finds the spring too gay, nor youth too wanton.

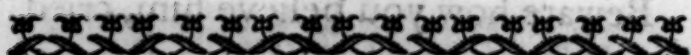
* A kind of quacks in Canada, who pique themselves on possessing three great sciences; astrology, magic, and physick.

Be-

Beware how you believe him, cried the juggler, he, and he alone, is wise who flieth mankind, and pitieth their pleasures. He must learn like me to fast for twenty days together, in honor of the grand Lievre. † The warrior died; he was forgotten: the juggler lived; he was believed and admired.

† The great Lievre is the deity certain savages acknowledge.





APOLOGUE XIII.

The VANITY of GRANDEUR.

MAHOMET before his last moments would appear before his people in all the splendor of his dignity. He was seated on a throne of gold which commanded a vast plain ; his son sat a step below, on his right hand ; his other children, together with two hundred princes, were standing, and the principal officers of state kneeling at the foot of his throne. All his troops, all his women, and his whole court filed off before him : his gold, his diamonds and other treasure formed, as it were, a hill on either side his throne, the lustre whereof was too dazzling to behold. Ma-

Mahomet, his crown on his head,
and his scepter in his hand, turning
towards his son.

My son, said he, thou see'st my
power, dost thou think it great
enough?

S O N.

My lord, it is unbounded

M A H O M E T.

Thinkest thou that there be many
kings on earth who surpass me?

The S O N.

No, not one. No mortal can dis-
pute it with you.

M A H O M E T.

And nevertheless I cannot prolong
my life, no, not for a moment; nor
can I in the least relieve my pains.

ON

Wretched is he who attacheth himself wholly to the perishable things of this world. True power, my son, resideth in the almighty alone ; I am on the point of appearing before his severe tribunal ; and I shall be more pitiful, and abject at his feet, than the meanest of my slaves at mine.





A P O L O G U E X I V .

The EUROPEAN and the SAVAGE

W O M A N .

AN European piqued himself upon having converted a savage woman to his religion. He offered her for a model to all new converts.

One day he asked her, why she burnt her husband's body? she answered, my husband's father was a Lievre, and he said unto his wife, I should be offended if my children descended from the snow, of celestial origin were deposited in the earth: and if ever my intentions are disobeyed, I pray the snow to fall in such abundance that there may be no spring that year.

This

This woman would have reconciled the idle notions of her forefathers with her religion. Fools that we are, How oft do we unite in our imaginations things still more contradictory !





A P O L O G U E X V .

The M A N *unmindful of himself.*

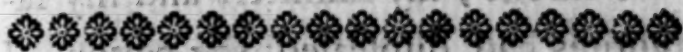
TH E Archikaducey, * a man of mean extraction and little knowledge, but very rich and much favoured by the king of Kandar, loved to see the proudest bow down before him ; he never lost an opportunity of mortifying and humbling the

* The Kaduceys of the kingdom of Kandar, are a very rich and powerful set of men, their duties do not require extraordinary talents, but great servility and condescension, and above all a mind formed for trifles. They wear at their belt a rod of ivory in the form of a caduceum, as a mark of distinction. Many pretend that 'tis from thence they take their name ; others affirm, that the word Kaducey comes from Kandussy, and means obliging. Their number is as great as the Kahus's, a word which signifies in that language, a married citizen.

great,

great; one of them whom he had offended told him this apologue.

A rat had crept into a pagod, from whence he insulted the cats, who out of respect to the idol dared not to shew their resentment. One day the pagod fell down and broke in pieces; the rat now was forced to quit his hold; a cat put her paw upon him, and said, When thou wert yet under the protection of the idol, thou shouldest have remembered thou wert but a rat. The rat would have answered, but the cat crunched him in her jaws.



APOLOGUE XVI.

HOAT-TSONG'S *apparition.*

KEDAHIN folded in the arms of sleep, found himself on a sudden transported amongst the tombs of the emperors of China ; the thunder rumbles over his head, the earth trembles under his feet ; it opens : the bloody ghost of Hoat-Tsong appears, rises up, and advances towards him.

Hitherto, saith he, thou hast trod in my footsteps ; let my misery be a lesson to thee. I was humane and virtuous, a tender father and a sincere friend ; but blinded by love, besotted with pleasure, I did but sleep upon
the

the throne ; my ministers and my favorites had displeased the nation ; I knew nothing of it ; my subjects had revolted ; Li, marched at their head, and was master of the capital ere I knew any thing of the matter. I am informed then, that my palace is invested on all sides ; my whole court abandons me ; but an hour before all the earth was mine. I proceed to the apartment of an unhappy spouse, whom I pitied the more, being myself the author of her misfortunes. I find her plunged in sorrow, and mingling her tears with those of my daughter, the only pledge of our loves : my heart did shiver at the sight, but I hid my pain.

Let us beware, says I resolutely, of falling into the hands of a traitor,
who

who aims at our lives; if we cannot fly from death, at least let us avoid shame.

My spouse penetrated my intentions : I conducted them to the end of the garden, into a dark and gloomy walk ; they accompanied me in silence ; I stopped near a tree. This courageous woman approaches, presses me in her arms, and embraces me without a tear, without a sigh ; she quits me with a sedate countenance ; puts a cord about her neck.—I dare not look upon her ; but drawing my sabre from its scabbard, I take my daughter in the other hand, who sobbing, and bathed in tears, throws herself at my feet ; she looks me tenderly in the face ; I stop a moment

D

in

in spite of myself; I consider her graces and her beauties, which her tears and her misfortunes render more affecting. I lift up mine eyes to heaven with a sigh; I raised mine arm, and down fell the head of the little innocent at the foot of the tree, where hung my spouse... I bit my hand with rage as soon as it had done this barbarous deed, the blood gushed out, with which I wrote these ever dreadful words.

I expiate my ministers and my favorites crimes: let my example be a terror to the kings of the earth!... We have a judge... He expects me!... I die!... and I tremble.

Then ripping up my belly, I expired swimming in my blood.

The

The ghost of Hoat Tsong sud-
 denly disappeared : Kedayn awaked
 in a fright.



Great queen, says he, the prince
 Koley whom you ordered me to an-
 nounce of
 D2 APO-
 goodly

23 U O G 2 I O 9 A

APOLOGUE XVII.

SOURDIN *and* ZARAINÉ.

SOURDIN, great vizir of queen Zarainé, said unto himself, before he went to the council board ; I will not that prince Roséy be our king. He doth not please me, and my choice is fixed upon another : ay, my little prince, I will say so much ill of thee, that the queen Zarainé, as great a coquet and as capricious as she is, will not accept you for her lover ; no, nor even for her husband. As soon as he came into her majesty's presence.

Great queen, says he, the prince Roséy, whom you ordered me to inform myself of, is sovereign of a
goodly

goodly country, which he strives to convert into a bad one ; he pretends he is descended from the moon in a direct line, which renders him very vain. He thinks he ought to appear more magnificent than other princes, and that is what ruins him : In a word, he is fit only to rule in a seraglio, to preside at the toylet, and at table, to judge of modes and ragouts.

ZARAINÉ, interrupting him.

You make no mention of his person. Is he a handsome prince ?

SOURDIN.

Judge, madam. He is thirty years of age, and has lived very freely, is rather short than tall, and extremely weakly ; the time he ought to employ in governing his kingdom, he

passes before his looking glass, in daubing himself with white and red, blackening his eye-brows and plucking his beard.

Z A R A I N E.

He is quite in the right of it. I know nothing so useless, so ugly, so hideous, as that filthy rude beard, which serves only to incommode you, and offend our tender checks. The prince Roscy is exactly what a pretty gentleman should be. A husband like prince Roscy merits our love. He has undoubtedly a graceful mein and a pleasing countenance. Does he give many entertainments? Does he love dancing, and gaming?

S O U R D I N.

Too much my queen for the welfare of his state; his unhappy subjects. . . .

ZAR

ZARAINÉ, *interrupting.*

Oh! What an accomplished prince!

S O U R D I N.

Yet, madam, consider that he is,
pardon me the expression, the great-
est fop. . . .

Z A R A I N É.

Well; he is the more beloved.

S O U R D I N.

The most indiscreet. . . .

Z A R A I N É.

So much the better; I hate your
secret adventures.

S O U R D I N.

And the most inconstant too. . .

Z A R A I N É.

The most inconstant? wonderful!
If he be inconstant, 'tis that the wo-
men snatch him from one another,
he is such a bewitching creature;

there is more merit than in captivating him. Well! I am quite charmed with what you tell me of the prince Rosey! You can't conceive how pleased I am! How greatly I am indebted to you! Yet I have one thing more to ask of you, my dear Sourdin.

S O U R D I N.

What is your majesty's pleasure.

Z A R A I N E.

To hasten the preparations for my wedding, and to go yourself to meet the prince. Let him not delay a moment on the road. I will marry him the moment he arrives.

S O U R D I N, *with a smiling countenance.*

I will conform myself to your majesty's orders, and prove, by my diligence

gence in the execution of them, how agreeable they are to me. Yet suffer me to be the first in complimenting you. You could not in effect make a better choice, or more advantageous for your subjects.

The rest of the council who had listened to them attentively were of opinion, that Sourdin and Zaraine were both in the right.



APOLOGUE XII.

The MOUNTAIN and the MAN of the valley.

'T WAS far from the pomp of courts and the tumult of cities, that the wise Chinnong* de-

* Chinnong lived in the first ages of the Chinese Empire; from a private citizen he became emperor, not because he was a conqueror like Gongis, an impostor like Mahomet, or a politician like Augustus; but because he was the inventor of oars, as well as of the necessary instruments for agriculture, and taught the use of them. Whilst emperor, he tried simples on himself to cure his subjects. What are our Titus's and Antonius's in comparison with Chinnong. The greatest piece of service he rendered to China, was not the giving them the first elements of navigation, and establishing commerce, things nevertheless absolutely necessary, but the improvement of agriculture. Since his time the emperors have a meadow which they cultivate with their own hands. He had a name given him which he was a little vain of, that of heavenly husbandman.

lighted

lighted in forming his mind. He fled from the great, who fatigued him with their follies and their falsties.

He fled from them, and came to taste a sweet repose among the humble cottagers. The purity of their manners, their real and provoking gaiety, and the innocence of their pleasures, laid open his heart to that delicious joy which nought but virtue feels.

What dost thou amongst those mean and clownish and people? Why not rather come to inhabit our palaces? said one of the great unto Chinmong, one who gloried in oppressing the humble inhabitants of the plains. Chinmong with noble constancy interrupted him with this apologue.

A mountain invited a man to inhabit its high top: Why, says the mountain, dost thou remain in that valley? how canst thou descend to crawl along in the marshes? Dare rather to raise thyself up to me; thou shalt walk surrounded by stars, and from my top shalt thou see the clouds pass beneath thy feet.

So vast a rise, answers the man, hath no charms for me; one would think indeed that the Almighty had committed to thee the charge of supporting the heavens, so greatly is thy lofty head exalted in the air.

But the thunder and the winds continually roar around it, thy haughty front is ever hid in snow, and stands an end with rocks and pre-

precipices. Look down upon this valley.

Do but see how it is crowned with golden ears of corn, and how many verdant trees bow their numerous branches under the weight of the most delightful fruits. With what voluptuousness doth the eye stray along these bowers, ever green, these crystal fountains, and these enamelled meadows !

In short, 'tis to this valley, the object of your disdain, that your own inhabitants owe their subsistence, and here it is that I find innocence and pleasure, abundance and tranquillity.

O ye mighty, who are nought but a superb and useless weight upon the earth, why look ye down so scornfully

fully upon the husbandmen? * Is it because ye live by his labour? And wherefore are ye so vain? Is it the nobility of your ancestors? No. For then ye would imitate them. Is it your virtues? Where are they? It proceeds then from your vices, and above all from your idleness.

Thus spoke Chinnong to the mightiest of men. The great took offence; Courtiers blamed him; but oppressed innocence returned him a thousand thanks; daring virtue ap-

Agriculture is honoured amongst the Chinese since Chinnong, and takes place of commerce and all sorts of handicraft; to preserve its credit, the most able husbandmen are rais'd to the dignity of mandarin, which spurs them on to emulation, and prevents their children from quitting their fathers profession, a thing which is not sufficiently regarded in other countries.

plauded

plauded him, and immutable truth
engraved on the sand, the words of
Chinnong, which she commanded
even Time, the destroyer of all
things, to respect.

END of the FIRST BOOK..

APO-

things, to reflect
even Time, the Destroyer of all
China, which the command
engraved on the land, the words of
planted him, and immovable truth.



O R I E N T A L

A P O L O G U E S.

B O O K II.

*The Great MOGUL and his PRE-
CEPTOR.*

ZIR MAY, the mogul's prime
minister and preceptor; Zir-
may, of all mortals the most favoured
by fortune, tired heaven with his
rash complaints.

Crooked and lame by his nurse's
fault; nothing was able to console
him. His first act of authority was
to condemn her to death. He then
enacted

enacted a law, whereby every person who had the charge of a child answered for such offence with their head.

No sooner was young Octor of age to take the reins of government into his own hands, but he assembled the great men of the empire, and from his throne he thus harangued them.

I owe thee praise, O Zirmay, the example you have set will for the future render those more attentive who are trusted with the care of my infant subjects; but the imperfections of the body are nothing in competition with those of the mind.

In thy law thou hadst undoubtedly principally in view, those who are chose to bring up our youth to virtue

the and industry. Undoubtedly thou didst intend to terrify those, who far from giving them to drink of the salutary waters of wisdom, suffer them to swallow large portions in the empoisoned source of pleasure; who thro' ignorance or malice search to flatter, to irritate the passions, and to sow in the heart the destructive seeds of vice. 'Tis to second so laudable a design that I have resolved to make an example also.

Zirmay and all the grandees interrupted the emperor, to offer up to him the incense of praise. . . then resuming his discourse.

If my choice should fall upon an obscure person, my people would not from thence reap sufficient advantage.

tage. 'Tis my pleasure that the ex-
 ample be striking, that it may im-
 print terror in the heart of the most
 audacious, and serve as a lesson to
 distant ages. . . . Stand forth, Zirmay,
 descend from thy seat; come and
 place thyself at the foot of my throne.
 'Tis thy pupil who accuseth thee.
 Thou art in the presence of thy
 judges: tremble before them. To
 them I give authority to condemn or
 absolve thee.

I will reproach thee of having
 used the basest means to become my
 governor; I reproach thee with hav-
 ing practised the most damned me-
 thods to gain the ascendant o'er
 my mind; I accuse thee of attempt-
 ing to lead me into the most horrid
 irregularities, by the means of those
 whom

whom you have placed about my person, by your discourse, and by your example: I accuse thee again with having brought me up in the most profound ignorance, and inspiring me with a contempt for business, to render me incapable of governing myself. By how much the dearer my subjects are to me, by so much the more doth my soul revolt against thee, and so much the more sensibly do I feel the enormity of thy crime. When I reflect that the happiness of millions depends upon one man, I am at a loss to conceive how there can be monsters barbarous enough to give a bad education to young princes, to sacrifice a whole people to the detestable vanity of enjoying in terror a power, at best dangerous and uncertain. People,

these

these are your original tyrants; these the real authors of all your calamities. The sovereign, more worthy of your compassion than your hatred, is no more than the unhappy instrument. Zirmay, thou hast only sought to soften the temper of my soul, to render it susceptible of the lightest impressions, that thou mayest tyrannize in my name. Wretch! knowest thou not, that incapacity in a prince produceth still greater ills than malice itself? canst thou be ignorant that it hath a thousand times caused the subversion of laws and empires? Farther thou would'st have added to my incapacity a depraved heart; thou wouldest have unkindly fixed upon my head the weight of the public antipathy, which bore too heavy on thine

OWN;

own, O how shall I shew myself grateful as I ought to high heaven, which hath not permitted my innocence to be poisoned by the corrupted blasts of vice!

Ye grandees of the empire! ye steady pillars of the mogul throne! ye who have ever given such constant proofs of your fidelity and attachment to your country and your emperors! tho' ye be bound to Zirmay by the bonds of interest, friendship and kindred, at your country's call nobly sacrifice them to the love of justice. Zirmay's crime is made known unto you, pronounce his sentence.

Zirmay was condemned to suffer the punishment due to regicides; but Ostar desired he might undergo a milder death. He was obeyed.

Syco-

Sycophants and traitors, terrified by this example, disappeared from court; virtuous and able men succeeded to their employs. The people in extacy regarded their young emperor as the greatest of sovereigns, the wise men, more moderate, judged that he would be.



APO-

milky way ! a thousand twinkling sparks reflect around her torrid heat.

Then abandoned to the transports of her joy, she seemed, as it were, exalted above herself to admire her own glory ; but her splendor and her joy passed away even as rapidly as the lightening, which flashing, glitters, dies, and is no more.

See how she melts insensibly before the radiant fires ! already her strength forsakes her, and unable to support her proper weight, she bends, she sighs, and undistinguished floats along confounded in the stream.

The wise Haroun told this instructive fable to the imprudent Achmet.*

Rich

* Achmet possessed those qualities which compose the man of honor, and the agreeable companion :

A P O L O G U E S. 75

Rich and vain-glorious Achmet, thou didst peaceably enjoy the favour of the mightiest of monarchs, but thou wou'd'st tread in the footsteps of royalty.

Thou didst shut thine ear to the counsel of wisdom when she spoke unto thee by the mouth of Haroun; nevertheless didst thou suck up the empoisoned honey of adulation; the folly of ambition did awake in thy heart and threw thy reason into a lethargy.

No sooner wert thou grand vizir, but jealousy light its torches to enlighten thy incapacity; the reins of government intangled in thy hands,

nion; but how many more are requisite to form the Statesman!

and thou didst call for help; treachery and affected zeal came running to thy aid, and calumny followed close at their heels.

The people oppressed, trodden under foot, did murmur; the janissaries revolted; the sultan feared for his life. Despair took possession of thy soul, and thou didst account as a benefit the fatal cord which strangled thee.





APOLOGUE III.

The KALIF and his FAVORITE.

W Herefore, says Hormus, have you withdrawn from me your confidence? Hormus was the Kalif's favorite.

I have fallen into many errors, replied the Kalif, and thou didst not admonish me. If you did not see my faults better than myself, that proves thy ignorance; if thou didst see them, thy treachery.

Kings, treat thus the favorites who deceive ye; so shall ye oftener hear the voice of truth, and perhaps one day may ye find a friend.



APOLOGUE IV.

The PRINCE'S reprimand to his SON.

O YE, who vain of the nothingness of your grandeur, account for nought the perfections of the mind, listen unto one of the greatest princes of the earth. *

Knowest

* The famous prince Mirzow engaged the sultan, his uncle, not to trust the education of his subjects to Imans, and much less to Dervices; but to old officers of distinguished valour and sagacity; all the teachers were subordinate to them; their posts the reward of merit, were looked upon as the most honourable recompences, on account of the great privileges they enjoyed.]

Two advantages resulted from hence. 1st, the youth were instructed in nothing but what was useful thro' the course of life, and they received a more manly education. 2d, to pique the officers with emulation, to retain them in their duty, and to excite them to a purity of manners, by offering a promising prospect of
distin-

Knowest thou my son, said the Prince, whom but now thou hast offended? a benefactor, who took upon him the care of forming thy heart, and thy mind, a second father, who gave life to thy soul, and darest thou treat him like unto thy slave?

Wherefore is thy forehead thus armed with audaciousness? who hath sowed in thy breast these sentiments of pride and ingratitude?

Thou knowest how far the genius of Klanzy surpasseth thine own, and yet thou disdainest

distinguished ranks. Thus the flower of the nation, after having escaped the enemies sword, might hope to avoid a still more dreadful enemy, extreme poverty; which heretofore was not always the case.

it. Where is the reed then that prop-
eth up thy vanity ? Is it thy rank ?
Is it thy accidental birth ?

Do but take the scales of justice,
put all thy titles; all thy grandeur in
the one ; and in the other, the talents,
the virtues of Klanzy ; dare then to
say which thou findest the heaviest,
the spirit of the soul, or of the body.

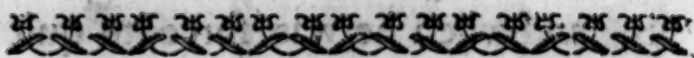
Choose either to walk in the way
of the renowned Escander, or to take
the infamous Naroun for thy pattern ;
say which thou preferest, the hero
or the tyrant ; the great man, or the
monster.

Naroun began by despising his
master, and afterwards put him to
death. Escander heaped benefits upon
his

his, and when he was forced to quit him, thus did say unto him.

Him to whom I owe my being sent me down from the heavens upon the earth; you to whom I owe the power of thinking, have caused me to ascend again from earth into heaven.





A P O L O G U E V.

SALAEDDIN *and* FATMA.

UNHAPPY Salaeddin ! abandoned to despair without a friendly comforter. Where are the remains of all thy former grandeur ? Behold a little rice and poison ! Well ! Boil them together then and feast thy last.

Salaeddin beat up the rice with the poison, set it on the fire, and then continued.

So do I renounce life, and my still dearer Fatma ; Fatma who loves me ; Fatma who was to have been united to me by the most sacred
ties!

ties! then shall I thus forsake her,
O Mahomet?

Surely yes. Wou'd'st thou, after
having squandered away the wealth
of thy forefathers, after having abused
thy Fatma's bounty, wou'd'st thou
now rob her of the little which re-
maineth; wou'd'st thou drag her
with thee, into the depths of cala-
mity?

No, first let thy bones be reduced
unto ashes. . . Art thou not unwor-
thy of such unblemished virtue? Alas!
I have a thousand times thought so;
and as oft have I said unto my in-
flamed heart, throw water on the
fire which consumeth thee; but my
words soon vanished into air..

Now

Now am I resolved to die. Honor, thou makest known thy voice, thy orders shall be obeyed. . . I ought to have altered my conduct; for with my mouth did I swear it unto Fatma. I have violated my oaths! after so black a crime I dare look death in the face, but not my Fatma.

What joys am I about to divest myself of! every day I saw, I listen'd, nay I talked to my Fatma. Good God! how dear she is to my soul! how happy was I beside my Fatma! What happiness for me but to hear the tread of her footsteps!

My senses quite besotted with joy, let my heart escape over the apples of mine eyes, and my whole soul did run to the gate of attention.

O Fatma! thou didst love me too!
Thy blushing cheeks by far outdid
the vernal rose's charms, when thy
lover came to salute thee with a ten-
der kiss, when with his amorous arms
he pressed thee to his bosom.

Ah! how will thy poor heart be
pierced, too sensible, too unfortunate
Fatma, when the rumour of my
death shall be echoed in thine ears!
methinks I see thee, pale thy coun-
tenance, ruddy thine eyes, and with
thy pretty hands tearing thy hair and
garments, and striking of thy throbb-
ing breast.

But to spare this thy sorrow,
would be only to vary it. What
am I saying? Wretch that I am!
thou wou'd'st withhold me a moment
on

on the brink of the abyfs; bound to my lot, my fatal ascendant over thee would precipitate thee with me, and I should carry to the grave the dismal regret of being author of thy misfortunes and thy death.

Salaeddin prepares to eat of the poisoned dish. He goes to shut the door, to avoid being disturbed in his last moments; in pushing it too, sees Fatma. Trembling he starts back, and Fatma speaks.

O my dear Salaeddin! with how much joy do I behold thee! But oh! I am overcome with fatigue, and have need of food: get me something to eat, I pray thee.

S A L A E D D I N.

I have nothing.

F A T M A.

FATMA.

Nevertheless you have just dress'd
this rice, . . . dost thou intend it for
any one dearer to thee than Fatma?

SALAEDDIN.

More dear to me than thee! Hea-
vens! thou canst not think it!

FATMA.

But why didst thou not offer me
some of it?

SALAEDDIN. *confused.*

Why? . . . canst thou doubt thy Sa-
laeddin's good intentions?

FATMA.

Pardon me, my love, I thought
at first thou didst refuse me.

Fatma takes the plate of rice from
Salaeddin, who had not power to
hinder her, then fixing her eyes up-
on him. What

What do I see? cry'd she; O heavens! how uneasy dost thou make me! thy colour changes! how shocking are thy looks! why thy hands tremble, and thy hair stands an end! What new misfortune? Haste to tell me.

Salaeddin throws himself at Fatma's feet, and holds her hand as she was going to eat the rice.

Stay, Fatma. What art thou doing? Take heed how thou touchest it.

F A T M A.

Why?

S A L A E D D I N.

This rice.

F A T M A.

Well.

S A L A E D D I N.

Is poisoned.

And

APOLOGUES. 89

FATMA.

Poison'd ! say, wherefore hast thou prepared it ? I tremble ! hard hearted Salaeddin ! would'st thou attempt thy life ? Alas ! I see thou would'st.

SALAEDDIN.

'Tis true.

FATMA.

Unhappy man, what cou'd persuade thee to it ?

SALAEDDIN.

Honor... The misery my follies have brought upon me ; the shame of having ruined thy fortune ; the dread of making thee as wretched as myself.

FATMA.

Can Fatma know a greater ill than thy loss ? But thy lot is changed. There is nought to fear ; I have seen the Kadileski ; I have proved the rob-

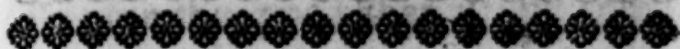
robberies you have suffered; thy
wealth will be restored unto thee,
and nothing opposes our happiness.

Oh my dear Salaeddin! for the
future trust in Providence; if at any
time she plungeth us into misfor-
tunes, 'tis that we may learn to merit
prosperity.



APO.

A P O L O G U E VI.



The WISE MAN and the RICH ONE.

ONE who had accumulated vast wealth at the public expence, said to a wise man.

In my opinion it requires an uncommon elevation of mind, to despise riches.

You are mistaken, answered the other, one need only consider who are the possessors.

A P O-



APOLOGUE VII.

The BARK and the RIVER.

A Young Indian prince obliged all his subjects to regard him as a God. He consulted his parrot on the most important occasions, and a word from her solved the greatest difficulties. The people enraged revolted, they appeared in arms, resolved to set fire to the palace, and were already at the gates ; a prudent man stopped them, and promised them immediate redress : he runs to the prince.

Sire, says he, tho' you think I deserve to die for the liberty I take, yet first hear what I have to offer,
 'Tis

'Tis for thy good that I am come unto thee, you may punish me after if you please.

Thy pride is the cause of our misfortunes and thine own; pride hath inclined thy heart to despotism, and our submission maketh that thou despisest us. Wherefore to raise thyself above mankind, dost thou seek to degrade them? Thou wou'd'st that we, thine own likeness, adore thee! thou renderest a vile creature the sovereign disposer of our lives! seest thou that thereby thou disgracest thyself? Remember that thy power resideth in the people? by them art thou king; without them what would'st thou be?

Liberty and emulation render men capable of the greatest actions. Slavery

very and despondence destroy and stifle every noble sentiment, compose a troop of cowards and traitors, always on the watch for an opportunity to sin with impunity : if by chance a few great men arise, they are so many transplanted trees, which presently die, or degenerate : great talents are seldom allowed to shoot themselves : the low and abject souls in favour, overcome by vanity and jealousy, stifle them ere they blow.

If thou wilt raise thyself above the crowd of kings, seek true glory, strive to make thy subjects thy friends, rather than thy slaves : dare to answer for thyself, I dare be answerable for them : inviolably attached

tached to the prince who loves them,
if he is wise, they become so : if he
be a conqueror, they are invincible.
Take my counsel, reconcile yourself
to your people ; remember that con-
tempt is the greatest punishment
for all who merit the name of man :
to inform you of their resolutions, I
end with this apologue.

A bark disdained the river that
bore it ; the river took umbrage, its
angry waves arose, and the bark was
in danger ; immediately the genius
of the river appeared above its bel-
lowing surges, imposed silence, and
thus he spoke.

I know what thou darest do ; thou
seest what I can do.

As

As soon as the wife man had done, the young prince, in a transport of joy, ran to embrace him.

I account you, says he, the most faithful of my subjects, and my most zealous friend. May you never be wanting of telling me the truth, I shall never be weary of hearing it; that is not yet enough, I will give the same power to all my subjects. I will have them write upon tables, exposed to public view, all they find blameable in my conduct.

* Then cried the good man in extacy continue my prince in this resolution;

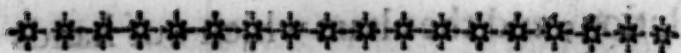
* This last tract is true, tho' scarcely probable; look unto the history of China. The Europeans have applied themselves to the improvement of arts, the Chinese to the improvement of morality. They have made as great progress in virtue and in wisdom, as we have done in the sciences. Our

lution; and the altars which our hands refused to raise up unto you, soon shall they arise from the bottom of our hearts.

Our Greek, Roman, French, and English philosophers have been often men of genius, extraordinary merit, hot headed wits. But real modesty and sound wisdom, is only to be found amongst those of China. Mean, suspecting, cruel European politics are unknown amongst them. The violation of treaties, unjust wars, treachery, murder and rapine, are not authorised by a pretended necessity of maintaining a balance of power in Asia.

O how we should blush to compare our history with the Chinese !





APOLOGUE VIII.

The PHILOSOPHER *and the*
LIBERTINE.

WHAT is the most wholesome food for one, is often poison for another.

The spring and returning winter turn over alternately the leaves of the book of life.

Let us improve the few remaining moments.

Thus spoke the philosopher to his disciple, exciting him to virtue. A debauchee said the same to his friends to incite them to pleasure.



APOLOGUE IX.

The two SULTANS.

A Sultan had just taken his brother prisoner,* who had disputed the empire with him: he set him in an iron cage at the foot of his throne, and insulted his misfortunes.

The same day he went hunting; forced by the heat to seek shelter, he laid him down on the grass, threw a red handkerchief over his face and fell asleep.

A bird of prey flying by by chance, deceived by the colour of the handkerchief, darts down upon it with a rapid flight, and with his beak and talons tears the sultan's face, and puts out his eyes.

* An historical fact.

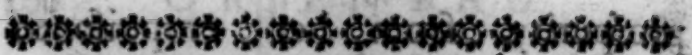
The prince awaked in a fright, and the bird surprized at his cries flew away. People came flocking about him, all his features are disfigured, and two streams of blood gush from his eyes. This situation ought to have inspired his subjects with compassion, but his cruelty towards his brother, and his haughtiness in prosperity had formed in their hearts theleaven of hatred: they conduct him to the iron cage, and let out his Brother :

Who with tears in his eyes set him at liberty; then reflecting on the vicissitudes of fortune, exclaimed:

Let us cherish fortune; yet tho' we suck for a moment the milk of
prof-

prosperity from her empoisoned
breasts, let us not glory in our hap-
piness, whilst suspended in the tot-
tering cradle of life.





APOLOGUE X.

The KING and his GENERAL.

AN European general, returning from America, related to a king, prodigal of his subjects blood, the discourse of a savage chief.

Thy brandy is good ; supply us always with the same, we will fight for thee with joy, we will die for thee if it be needful; the only favour we ask, is, that you will cover our bodies with a little grass to keep off the flies.

The KING.

Yet life is something. The simple savages, to offer it at so low a price !

The GENERAL.

If the savage appears simple, what must you think of your subjects, who
forsake

forſake their wives, their friends, all that is dear to them, go to the furtheſt parts of the earth to ſacrifice their lives, and extend your dominion over ſome inacceſſible rocks, or uninhabitable plains.

K I N G.

My ſubjects are born to obey me.

The G E N E R A L.

Yes, ſire. They ought to march at your back, but remember that God commandeth thee to be ſaving of the blood of men. The firſt virtue in a ſubject, is obedience to his king; the firſt virtue in a king, obedience to his God.



APOLOGUE XI.

The old Monarch and his three Children.

AN old monarch a few days before his death, you have read by my order, says he, to his children, the lives of the greatest princes of the earth. To whom give you the preference?

The youngest PRINCE.

Escander Roumy is the only true hero I know; all he says, all he does, carries with it an air of sublimity which transports, which lulls the soul, and makes us love even his faults.

The Eldest.

As great a general as Escander Roumy was, he owed much to fortune

tune. It is not the same with Gongs, who extended his conquests farther than he. I know not which ought most to be admired, his valour or policy. Not content with being a great conqueror, he was a great king, and a great legislator too.

The old Monarch to his second son.

And you, my son, what thinkest thou?

The second PRINCE.

Since you command me, my father, to give my opinion, I can neither admire nor esteem those who place their glory in having a greater number of slaves than other princes, and who therefore delight in spilling the blood of millions.

I prefer the wise Ibraim, who possessing, in a superior degree, all the

great qualities of an able warrior, and who, acknowledged by all the potentates of Asia for their sovereign lord, took greater delight in rendering his subjects happy than in extending his dominions. His treasury was open to help the needy, not to indulge the luxury of the rich and powerful.

He himself visited all the cities of his empire, and sprinkled them with the dew of his liberality : he favored all the arts, and the honors he conferred upon real merit encouraged the artists in their search after glory.

Happy in the love of his subjects, he was not less so in his children. He begat thirty six princes, who distinguished themselves in arms, in the sciences, and in virtue. He had forty daughters

daughters, all married, not to princes,
but to men celebrated for their wisdom.

This adorable prince fighed his last
in the bosom of this virtuous family,
after a long and happy career. He
had not the glory of dying in the
field of battle, but that of being lamented
by all his subjects, and regretted by all the
people of the earth wheresoever his name was known. *

*The old monarch shedding tears of
tendernefs.*

Come, O beloved of my soul,
come into mine arms, that I may
press thee to my bosom; thou

* All that is said above of Ibraim and his children is exactly conformable to the history, one thing is omitted which does honour to his name: he accommodated all the neighbouring prince's differences.

de

deservest to be a father and a king:
 I was ambitious to choose in my fa-
 mily a successor worthy to inherit my
 crown: I have found one to my
 heart's desire. Here he is... Soon shall
 I pay the debt that is due unto na-
 ture: reign thou in my stead, O my
 son! my people will be happy; thou
 shalt live beloved, and I die con-
 tented.



A P O

109

APOLOGUE XII.

The Power of EXAMPLE.

HAUGHTY Mahmoud, since
fortune hath raised thee to the
rank of vizir, wherefore must all men
bow down to the dust, and not dare
to look up to thy actions?

A stately canopy of gold and dia-
monds shades thy towering head;
let the thunder come down upon
it; it will cover thee, it will crush
thee to pieces.

I see envy enrag'd let fly at thee
her empoisoned arrows; take heed
that despotism doth not unsheath its
shining

shining sword to revenge thee, no, let
public love rather be thy shield.

If the mouth of slander publish
thy faults, silence it by correcting
them. If calumny blacken thee,
let thy deeds depose against it; let thy
fame revenge thee.

Thus spoke a friend to the vizir
Mahmoud, to engage him to despise
the satyrical verses of a low poet.

Mahmoud in rage rejected his
friend's advice, and applied to the
Kalif, Aziz Billah, who was worse
treated in the verses than himself, to
demand his death. The Kalif Aziz
answered,

I partake the injury with thee, share
with me the merit of my pardon.

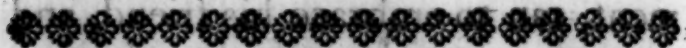
Mah-

Mahmoud struck with the Kalif's behaviour, ashamed of his own resentment, ran to embrace his friend, and promised to follow his counsel. He kept his word, and became a great man.



APO-

APOLOGUE XIII.

MAMEKIR *and* TAOUKAR.

MAMEKIR.

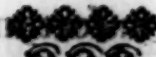
WHENCE is it that I have
 been so suddenly thrown
 down from the pinnacle of honors?
 I who was so mighty in the republic!
 How hast thou maintained thyself so
 long, who had so little power?

TAOUKAR.

I have taken a method more sure
 than thine: thy only object was
 to acquire a great reputation, mine
 to perform great actions. Thou
 wou'd'st the good of thy family; I
 that of the state.

Taou.

Taoukar lived in an age when the laws were in their vigor, when patriotism was a duty, and noble deeds were titles: Taoukar was in the right; a hundred years later and Mamekir would not have been in the wrong.

ing back, by your services, the peo-
ple who crowd about you, instead of
driving away from the door of the
Molque the  mate who hold
out their hands to you, if thou
oughtest

The Epiphany is the festival of the
I find very often afterwards, that
for all the poor of his empire, every day
every borough, and every village was charged
with the care of its poor. It is not, said the
latter, a most barbarous custom in the most bar-
barous states of the world, where, amidst
a thousand vices, to relieve the poor is
considered as a duty. What a light
for the father-land! I have seen the
folks, their minds much better, than
you or they must feel for a moment in

APO-

O R I H I 4 (A 114
Tsookar lived in an age when
A P O L O G U E XIV.
The BLIND MAN and the PARALYTIC.

MY Son, says the Bapha* to a young sultan, instead of beating back, by your janissaries, the people who croud about you, instead of driving away from the door of the Mosque the unfortunate who hold out their hands to you, † thou oughtest

* The Bapha is the sultan's mother.

† This very sultan afterwards settled funds for all the poor of his empire; every city, every borough, and every village was charged with the care of its poor. Is it not, said the sultan, a most barbarous custom in the most flourishing cities of the world, where miserable wretches are obliged to excite by their cries the compassion of the passengers? What a sight for the tender-hearted? Those whom the wretch solicits, their hearts must be entirely shut to pity, or they must feel for a moment as much as he.

oughtest to remember thou art set upon the throne to succour, not to mortify them, to command thy people, not to despise them. My son, I would not have you forget you are a prince, but remember thou art a man; let us profit of the moment which is ours, to aid our fellow creatures, the time may come when the meanest may be of service to us.

Know that thou owest thy crown to a blind man?

One of thy ancestors, being paralytic, had retired a little way from the capital, where he was besieged in his

he. In countries where the women are allowed to go abroad, may they not when with child be struck at the sight of the maimed and deformed, who make parade of their infirmities to entitle them to public compassion.


castle

castle by a rebellious subject; all was in consternation, and each thought how to provide for his own safety, even the sultan's most faithful servants forsook him: your grandfather found himself alone; the enemy advanced apace; he had nothing but death before his eyes, or slavery, still worse than death itself.

In that instant a blind man comes up to him, Sire, says he, we are both on the brink of ruin, if we do not mutually succour each other: I will carry you upon my shoulders if you will direct my steps to the subterraneous passage leading to the capital. Upon this the blind man took the paralytic sultan upon his back, the sultan

sultan directed the blind man in the way he shou'd go, and so they arrived at the capital, where the sultan's affairs took so favourable a turn that he routed the rebels and put their chief to death.

A



the philosopher, when he was in a fair way of recovery, found him calling a ragout. What are you about, says he? such food is poison even for the best constitution. I acknowledge you say to be true, I was wrong, and will correct myself. . . . What do I owe you for your attendance during my illness? The physician demanded a considerable sum. Your fees, says the philosopher, paying him, are too



APOLOGUE XV.

RICHES *and* RAGOUTS.

A Very able but covetous physician, coming to visit Lahorab the philosopher, when he was in a fair way of recovery, found him eating a ragout. What are you about, says he? such food is poison even for the best constitutions. Lahorab answered, I acknowledge what you say to be true, I was to blame, and will correct myself. . . . What do I owe you for your attendance during my illness? The physician demanded a considerable sum. Your fees, says the philosopher, paying him, are too ex-

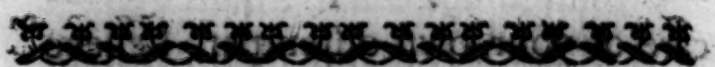
exorbitant for your patients. Take
care of your own distemper, believe
me 'tis as serious as mine. Riches
are to the mind, what ragouts are to
the body.

I have been fifteen years in the
service of the East India Company. I have
served him with all possible zeal and
attachment; no man is more labori-
ous than I am; he knows it.



My heart, void of interest,
was high and independent, yet de-
voiced to thy service did it humble it-
self before thee, O Benares! repulsed
by thy rank, it was attracted by thy
person.

Have you not said to me a thou-
sand times, O my dear Hally, thou
art the most faithful of my servants,
and



APOLOGUE. XVI.

The Stone and the Diamond.

I Have been fifteen years in the sultan Benanna's service; I have served him with all possible zeal and attachment; no man is more laborious than I am; he knows it.

My heart, unbiass'd by interest, was high and independent, yet devoted to thy service did it humble itself before thee, O Benanna! repulsed by thy rank, it was attracted by thy person.

Have you not said to me a thousand times, O my dear Haly, thou art the most faithful of my servants,
and

and nevertheless you have given Aboumanzor a post more honourable than mine. Aboumanzor hath been guilty of many faults, but I, the most faithful of thy servants, wherein have I offended?

Whilst I uttered these complaints, sleep came and sat upon my forehead and closed my eye-lids with its hand.

And methought I saw a stone and a diamond, both of them just out of the workman's hands; the diamond had a blemish, the stone had none; the diamond now become a ring upon his master's finger, attracted all his attention, whilst the stone, transformed into a seal, and sentenced to

G lead

lead an obscure life upon the writing desk, murmured against his master, for the preference he gave the diamond.

The master, an old man of a grave and majestick appearance, turned about to me; I am charged with injustice, says he, I leave it to you to decide which is in the wrong, my seal or me.

And I said to the stone, altho' the diamond hath a blemish and thou hast none, take heed how you compare yourself to the diamond. The diamond was formed to make a ring of, thou could'st not pretend to be any thing but a seal.

In comparisons we are apt to reckon the beauties before we examine the defects; you are more per-

fect than him; have you as great a lustre? be content with thy lot; your master hath placed the diamond upon his finger to glitter there, he hath changed thee into a seal that thou mayest be useful.

Then turning about to the old man, I perceived that he changed his shape, and grew younger by degree his bended back became more strait, his grey hairs brown, and fell down in curls upon his shoulders; his features grew more fierce and striking: I knew him for Benanna; all trembling I prostrated myself at his feet.

He kindly raised me up, then with a smile; I perceive thy inmost thoughts, says he, thou who judgest others so well, dost judge yet better of thyself.

Thy soul is far from coveting the
splendid but dangerous rank of
Aboumanzor, content with thy lot,
my dear Haly, thou dost always love
Benanno, thou shalt ever be his friend,
and the most faithful of his servants.





ORIENTAL
APOLOGUES.

BOOK III.

APOLOGUE I.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS *and the* TREE
bearing POISON.

YE Young princes, who are
drowned in pleasure, shake off
the shameful weight of idleness; open
your eyes, see glory with her brilliant
wings, how indignantly she flies afar
from you.

And lo! honor and virtue in her
train.

The careſſing fanthoms you preſs
in your arms, already vaniſh ; repent-
ance with its ſharp pointed darts ſuc-
ceeds, and the drink wherewith vo-
luptuouſneſs made ye drunk, hath
enervated your bodies, your ſouls,
and your kingdoms.

O thou wiſeſt and moſt virtuous
of men ! O immortal Lockman ! * en-
due my heart with thy fires, and my
lips with thy eloquence : lend me
the perſuaſive power thou haſt,
when, thy ſovereign by the advice of
his favorites, would have puniſhed
one of his ſubjects for a trivial of-
fence, thou didſt relate this apologue.

Voluptuouſneſs, extended on a bed
of jeſſamins and roſes in the rich

The Mahometan Lockman is in all probabi-
lity the Grecian Eſop.

Ha-

Haracmy's gardens, was without knowing it near unto a tree which bore poison : voluptuousness on perceiving it, shivered with horror ; and as soon as she was able to speak, expressed the most lively inquietudes to her master Haracmy.

Alas ! continued she, I wish with all my heart, for the good of mankind, that those destructive fruits, which have the power to hasten death, were banished from the face of the earth. Hereupon Haracmy gave orders to his servants, they were going to fell the tree, when it thus addressed voluptuousness.

I am not at all surprized at your discourse ; you affect a love for mankind, which I perceive the real

G 4

cause

cause of; zeal inspires confidence, and confidence encreaseth credit; I own that my fruit is pernicious to mankind, but is the evil which results from it to be compared with that produced by idleness, effeminacy, and incontinence?

O Haracmy! if thou wouldst do an act of justice to thy own advantage, begin by ridding thyself of thy most cruel enemy.

A million of men die every day; poison scarce destroys three thousand, yet is it abhorred; three fourths perish by voluptuousness, and no body dreads it.



APOLOGUE II.

The GIANTS and the DWARFS.

NEAR one of the extremities of Asia is an isle called Thaya, peopled by giants and dwarfs; the former a brave, open hearted, and good sort of people, inhabited the upper part of the island; a country rich and abounding in all things.

The latter, a cowardly, cunning, malicious people, had been banished into the lower region, a marshy and barren soil.

The king visited this part of his dominions. There was a young dwarf of alarming beauty; he became passionately in love with her,

G 5. brought

brought her to court, made her take place of all the ladies, and in nine months she brought him a prince.

The courtiers followed their sovereign's example, and in a short time they had all dwarfs, and they had all children.

The giant king dying, his son ascended the throne, and he had the honor of being the first dwarfish king. Immediately all whose gigantick stature put him in mind of his own littleness were rejected on various pretences; none were admitted about his person, but such as were, or affected to be less than himself; then looking around with an air of superiority on all about him, he imagined himself a great man.

Whilst

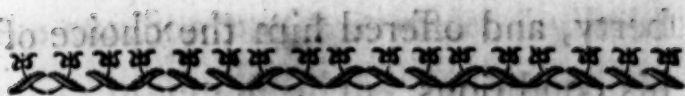
Whilst the royal dwarf thus reformed his court, his favorites, whose power was unbounded, drove out all the inhabitants of the upper region, persecuted and disgraced them; their principal crime, and perhaps their only one, was being greater than them; all other crimes were unpunished: and if murders, thefts, and treason were not consecrated by the laws, they were authorised by famous examples; so disorderly a reign could not be of long continuance. The sovereign died without posterity, and the crown devolved to a giant.

The new king, supported by his friends, would have entered into his rights; the dwarfs at length too powerful opposed it; the isle of Thaya was on the point of being destroyed by

by intestine broils: the wisest giants and the most politic dwarfs held a council, and the following resolution was agreed to by a plurality of voices.

The legitimate prince shall always inherit the crown; when a giant is king all the dwarfs shall go and inhabit the lower region; and when a dwarf is king the giants shall go and replace them.





A P O L O G U E . III.

K A K E I G O *and* J O R I T O M O .
a Citizen to a General.

TH E Emperor of China is
 dead; the usurper makes you
 the most flattering offers; thy situa-
 tion is preferable to that which imor-
 talized the most famed general of
 China. O give way unto thy joy.

The faction of the Gendzy's once
 disputed the empire with the Fecky
 family, the last of these unhappy
 princes was killed in a battle, and
 Kakeigo his general taken prisoner
 by Joritomo, who invited him to en-
 ter into his party, set him twice at li-
 berty,

berty, and offered him the choice of his conditions.

The third time Kakeigo solicited him more earnestly than ever; I have vowed says he, my services to Fecky, nor will I ever devote them to another; I owe my life to thee, I acknowledge it; but I have lost my master, and the hopes of revenging him, I cannot look upon thee without forming a design to take off thy head; all that I can do to avoid ingratitude, is to offer thee these eyes which wish thee ill. Hereupon he thrust his eyes out with his fingers, and presented them to Joritimo.

O thou my friend, who hast surpassed Kakeigo in martial exploits, dare to equal him in virtue;
the

the occasion presents itself, lay hold on it; otherwise all thy life long shalt thou secretly envy this great man, feel thyself oppressed by his glory, and never wilt thou hear him praised without a blush.

The general believed his friend.

He drove out the usurper, and placed the lawful prince on the throne.

Ye who approach the great, * let your counsel be supported by like
ex-

* The desire of praise, of all passions, is the most general; it was the source of the greatest virtues at Sparta, and the most extravagant vices at Sybaris: 'tis not luxury which announceth the destruction of states, no, 'tis flattery; if all those who arrive at honors and hoard up riches by illicit means, were the objects of public contempt, they would have but few imitators; one
may

examples, this is the way to awaken the ambition of great souls, and to stifle the vanity of little ones.

may fix the epoque of a kingdom's decay, at the moment when traitors and extortioners find flatterers; one may announce its fall near at hand, when the voice of flattery forceth truth to silence.



A P O-



APOLGUE IV.

The M O C K S A G E.

O Mine eyes, ye have seen in the
 spring of my days, ye have
 seen audacious men, new colossus's
 lift themselves up to heaven, and
 embrace the two poles of their vast
 renown.

Where are they now, these audaci-
 ous mortals? Where, are the traces of
 their boasted fame? They and their
 glory have disappeared like a sha-
 dow.

Ben Zezir was formerly the idol at
 the court of the Kalifes, then every
 tongue was dumb in his presence,
 every eye was humbled at his philo-
 sophical grandeur. With

With how much disdain did he speak of men! with what address did he seek to please them! One day as he uttered these words.

The world, O mortals, is the most insignificant of all things; it weighs less in the scales of God than the wings of a little fly.

A wise man in the crowd of his auditors cry'd out, yet there is one thing still more insignificant than the world. What is that, says Ben-Zezir? He who busieth himself about it, replied the wise man.

* This haughty sophist was one of the most able quacks of his time: he gained his reputation more by his cabals than his talents. The doctors of the Musselmen call him the scourge of God, because he sapped the foundation of Mussulmanism, sometimes by combating, sometimes by praising it.



A P O L O G U E V.

The one-eyed L E G I S L A T O R.

'T I S not sufficient that a law appear just, it ought to be considered with all its tendencies before it be imposed on the people.

Nandiskar, the law-giver, was blind of one eye ; he had assembled the old men of the nation, to swear in the name of the republic never to make any alteration in his laws : Nantaou was the only person who opposed him; but Nandiskar conducted things so artfully, that he prejudiced them all against Nantaou, who, despairing to gain them over to his party, approaching Nandiskar, thou wou'd'st have

have thy laws, says he, strictly obey'd, the people consent, and I demand to be punished accordingly; at these last words he thrust out his eye.

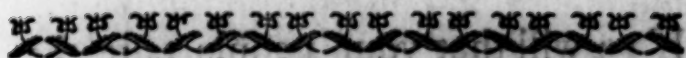
Nandiskar had enacted a law, conceived in these words.

Whosoever shall put out an eye let him also lose one.

Hereby thou seeest how deficient thy law is, continued Nantaou, since it costs me but one eye, utterly to deprive thee of sight.

Nandiskar answered, far from being offended, I owe thee acknowledgements; in depriving me of my bodily eyes, thou hast opened those of my mind. Blush not ye venerable old men to own ye are in the wrong.

A P O.



A P O L O G U E VI.

The SUN and the KINGS.

ONE of the kings of Persia went to visit a celebrated hermit: he asked his advice how to maintain peace in the interior of his kingdom. The hermit made answer:

God having created the universe, commanded the angel of light to mount his dazzling char, take in thy hand, says he, the torch of day, and rapidly traverse the vast plain of air; all the inhabited globes, turning on on their axis, shall peaceably enjoy thy friendly rays.

Ye kings of the earth, ye are to us what the sun is to the universe;
If

If ye will that your people taste the sweets of a laborious and lasting repose, arm yourselves with the sword of justice, and continually keep brandishing it in your hands.



A P O-



APOLOGUE VII.

*The MAN who would make his
FORTUNE.*

I Was at the port of Constantino-
ple with Turmurgin ; he took his
farewell of me, of his wife, his chil-
dren, and all his friends ; he had
embarked aboard a vessel the most
considerable of his effects, and was
going to the most distant parts in or-
der to encrease his wealth ; then he
regarded life as little or nothing.
O Fortune! thou wast the idol of his
soul, the chief object of his desires.

Two years had elapsed, when hap-
pening to be in the same place, at a di-
stance I saw his ship returning, but shat-
tered by the tempest, and leaking on all
sides.

sides. The same whom I had seen so greedy of riches was then engaged in heaving all overboard to lighten his vessel and save his life; he implored the mercy of heaven; my soul was moved with compassion; I perceived human weakness and made this reflection.

Where is the creature lost to reason until his life be in manifest danger? What animal is that, who is not wise, but when he follows, as it were, in spite of himself, the first impulses of his instinct? 'Tis man.

All he before esteemed, all he so ardently coveted, he then despises; he knows no real good but an upright conscience and a regular life.



APOLOGUE VIII.

The LAWS and the REMEDIES.

A Legislator, desirous of giving a new form of government to a state, multiplied the laws to extricate it the sooner from its unhappy crisis ; in the interim he fell sick, his physician prescribed different remedies at once. Why so many, says the patient ?

The PHYSICIAN.

To recover you the sooner.

The PATIENT.

But amongst these remedies the one will hinder the others effects.

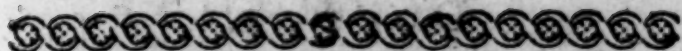
H

The

The P H Y S I C I A N.

I ask pardon ; I really believe I am
to blame ; I treated your distemper
as you treat that of the state.





APOLOGUE IX.

The DOCTOR and the CAD I.

The DOCTOR.

YOU are going then, upon the testimony of two witnesses, to condemn a man to death?

The CAD I.

Yes, immediately.

The DOCTOR.

Are the witnesses of the same religion with the accused?

CAD I.

Yes, but of a different sect.

DOCTOR.

Have you observed no seeds of hatred, no traces of fanaticism on either side?

CAD I.

I have seen too many.

D O C T O R.

And yet you peaceably pronounce
sentence of death.

C A D I.

Advise me what to do then.

D O C T O R.

Attend to the following example.

The Iman of Harat one day interrupted his sacred functions, thus to address himself to the people.

Is it astonishing, my brethren, if the religion of Mussulmen produceth nought in this city, but barren and sapless boughs?

The pira of idolators surpasseth the mosques of the faithful in splendor and magnificence. Where is the generous arm who will overthrow these audacious towers, these towers which dare insult the temple of the
true

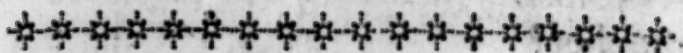
true God, and brave the law of his prophet?

No sooner had the Iman done speaking, but the pira was reduced to ashes. The Magi's complaints reached the throne of the Kalif; the principal inhabitants appeared to the number of about six thousand, all Mahometans: they made oath that there never had been such a thing as a pira at Harat. The Kalif believed them, and punished the Magi as calumniators.

Soon he discovered their innocence, but they were no more.

I understand you, answered the Cadi, and will profit from the Kalif's misconduct.

* This is almost incredible, yet attested by all the most authentick histories.



APOLOGUE X.

*The CHAM and the GROOM of the
stables.*

THE beloved prophet of the God, of the faithful defended with his all protecting power the descendants of Thaikam; one of whom committed so great a fault, that in his rage he permitted Kouima to rise up against him, and cut him off from the face of the earth.

And lo! Mahomet mounted his camel, and came to wait him on the bridge, which leads from this world to the other; as soon as he saw him he reproached him bitterly; the unfortunate cham bowed himself down
to

to the dust, and putting his hands before his face, laid the blame on his favorite; the favorite accused the mistress, she her waiting maid, and she again laid the blame on a groom; the groom, amazed at being charged as the author of so great a revolution, threw himself on the ground without replying a word.

So then, said Mahomet, a groom with his curry comb in his hand governed in thy stead; I am at a loss how to inflict upon him the punishment he deserves; must I chastise him as prince, or groom? I have found an expedient. Return both of ye on earth; thou Thaikam descend to his place, let him mount to thine; and the first fault either of ye commit, expect to be severely punished.



A P O L O G U E X I.

King C A N U T E.

A King, named Canute, pretended that the sea ought, by an authentick act, to render him homage, and obey him as its sovereign; he had consulted the great men of the nation, and they assured him, that he wou'd not find the least difficulty in the execution of his orders.

The king pitched upon a fine day to solemnize his rights, and whilst the tide was flowing, commanded a throne to be erected on the sands of Southampton; being seated thereon in his royal robes, and the crown upon his head, thus he spake to the approaching sea.

Know

Know that thou art my subject, that the earth I sit on is mine, and that all things are submissive to my will ; I command thee then to stop at the foot of my throne ; but take especial care how thou raisest thy sacrilegious waves up to thy master.

Scarce had he ended his harangue, but without any sort of respect for the orders and person of his majesty, a wave arose and dashed in his face.

The king had like to have been carried away by it ; and whilst the water yet ran from his royal robes, turning to his subjects. God, says he, hath just humbled my pride ; * I deserve it ; to him supreme power
H 5 doth

* If Canute's return upon himself was not sincere, his manner of extricating himself from so embarrassing a situation was the height of address, but that would be to believe him deceitful,

doth belong; he, and he alone commandeth the elements; 'tis my duty to adore his power, and be resigned unto his will.

If Canute's extravagant desires had been fulfilled, he would have imagined himself more than man; a few drops of water sufficed to allay his pride and bring him to himself. Thrice happy the man who at each fault he commits is instructed by some mischance!

ful, he was only vain; for he who could persuade himself that the sea would retire at his command, was undoubtedly sincere in his repentance, however sudden it may appear.

To how great a degree are men blinded by pride! to what criminal excesses doth it drive them! what a rapid and uninterrupted course from crime to virtue, from virtue to crime!



APOLOGUE XII.

ABUZEI and THAIR.

THAT winter so remarkable for the great revolutions which happened at the court of Nouradden, Abuzei said unto Thair ; congratulate me, my father ; I am the sultan's favorite, his sister's lover, and to morrow her highness and I go hunting together.

O my son, answered Thair, these are three things but little to be depended on ; the favor of kings ; the smiles of women ; and the fine days of winter.

Old Thair was in the right of it.

For

For the next day the rain prevented the hunt, caprice altered the princess's mind, and she changed the sultan's.



A P O-



APOLOGUE XIII.

The PRAYERS.

A Turk seeing the tempest was past, a miracle ! my friends, says he, the dew of heaven is descended on my turban ; our vessel was about to perish ; I implored the succour of Mahomet, he appeared unto me ; heaven was propitious ; the thunder did roar ; the earth did tremble ; the sea grew calm, and the winds did cease.

You are mistaken, says a Chinese, your Mahomet had nothing to do in it.

As soon as I perceived the tempest
I prayed my pagod that he would
put

put an end to it; my prayers were ineffectual, so I grew angry, and I whipped him till he calmed the sea.

Thou thyself art mistaken, cries an Outaouwas, 'twas neither him nor thee, but my dog, who extricated us from the impending danger; throwing him into the sea, hold, says I to the tempest, I give thee my dog to appease thee.

O simple mortals! how proud of thy prayers! how poor is thy pride!





APOLOGUE XIV.

The TONGUE and the TEETH.

A Sultan reproached one of his vizir's with being of an unsteady character ; Sire, answered the vizir, 'tis to that very character that I owe the post I hold about your highness, and thereby I maintain it ; I am sixty years of age, my teeth which were hard are almost decayed, my tongue which was not so is yet whole.

APO



APOLOGUE XV.

The Dervise.

IF our necessities be pressing, we think of nothing but to satisfy them; this is at first the utmost bounds of our desires; but soon they extend farther; to stop them in their fury is wisdom and virtue, thence real happiness; to suffer ourselves to be hurried away by them is the lot of mankind in general; the source of crimes, the cause of misfortunes.

A contemplating dervise lived in a grotto, and being almost naked suffered greatly by excessive cold; one day calling upon the almighty, O father of dervises! said he, O creator of men, of angels, and of the universe!

I

I do not complain of being blind of an eye, since such is thy holy will; but I suffer much from the cold, and am in great want of cloathing; 'tis not out of vanity I ask it, thou knowest well; let it be ever so homely, so that it cover me, I shall be the most happy and grateful of thy children.

As he ended this prayer a majestic voice was heard, saying,

My dear son, if you are cold come out of thy grotto and warm thyself by my sun.

The dervise prostrating himself, it rained, O lord, cried he, I did not ask thee to make the sun to shine on purpose for me; alas! I ask nought but a covering, and thou refusest me.

Tbe.

The V O I C E.

Thou one-eyed insolent, wait yet eight days and thou shalt have a cloak.

At the expiration of eight days he met with an old man, who made him a present of an Hircah, it was old and tattered. Lord, says he, I thank thee for the robe, but I expected a better,





A P O L O G U E XVI.

F E A R.

TWICE * the sultan Achmet would have put his brother Mustapha to death, but being seized with a violent cholic, he revoked the order, dreading lest the arm of the almighty was lifted up to let fall upon him!

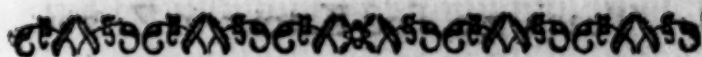
Thus fear gave rise to his crime and his repentance. Fear, O mortals,

* 'Twas on this occasion that Fatma, Achmet's favorite, said, what is since become a proverb among the Turks; Mustapha no longer owes his life to his mother's, but his brother's belly. At Achmet's accession to the throne, this same Fatma was shut up in the old se-raglio, which his young favorite sultaness proposed to him to visit together. Here the sultan saw Fatma, and conceived so sudden and violent passion for her, that he brought her away with him, and left the other poor lady in her stead.

the

is the source of thy transgressions, I know it, and I pity you ; but must it necessarily be so oft the principle of your just actions ?





APOLOGUE XVII.

The MASTIFF and the LAP-DOG.

BENANNA* was the chief of a set of dervises, and gloried in having the power of working miracles. One day, being in company with the Kalif's favorite and a grave officer; Benanna, says the favorite, if you really have a miraculous power, let these two dogs converse together; I agree to it, answered the dervise; he then muttered some mysterious words, and the charm operated.

* Benanna was a poet too: one piece is recorded of him, levelled at such abject wretches as descend to pass their whole lives in fawning and cringing to a vizir.

Teach

Teach me, said Katour to Zirzou, thy secret to insinuate thyself into our mistress's favour; ever since I have been in her service, by all that's good I have led the life of a dog; I am all night long on the watch; loaded with chains, I stand centry all day; I do my duty with the utmost punctuality, and yet Roxana often passes by my box without ever so much as looking upon me; thou alone art regarded and beloved, what then are thy mighty services I pray thee?

I, answered Zirzou, lie all night with my mistress, and I sleep with her till mid-day; when I get up I scold and teize her; I growl when they caress me; sometimes I give my paw, and sometimes I refuse it; I throw away
the

the dainties they offer me, and I mumble the pye which stands in my way; all this excites laughter, and there's my secret for you; thou my poor friend art born to thy lot, and I to mine; thou art only useful, I am amusing; thou serveest, I please.

When the little dog had done speaking, the favorite turning about to the grave officer, smiling, asked him what he thought of that discourse.

I think, answered the officer with a sigh, that the little dog is quite right in what he says.

END of the THIRD BOOK.



ORIENTAL
A P O L O G U E S.

B O O K IV.

A P O L O G U E I.

The P R E D I C T I O N.

YOUNG Achmet just ascended the throne of his forefathers, the next day he went hunting, and chased a stag until his horse fell under him.

The new sultan's attendants were far behind; he all alone, overcome with fatigue, strayed into the bye ways of a vast forest, knew not whither he should go. That

And lo! the heavens were o'er-spread with clouds, which thickening and descending by degrees, soon seemed to touch the ground; he thought that a deluge was about to destroy him.

When on a sudden a cloud open'd and in the midst of thunder and lightning appeared a venerable old man, who thus addressed the young sultan prostrate before him :

My son, in thy kingdom is a treasure of inestimable value, whereby, if thou wilt'st, thou shalt equal the greatest monarchs of the earth in power and glory.

Hereupon the thunder roared, the ancient disappeared, the heavens became serene, and the sultan returned to his capital.



APOLOGUE II.

The RICHES of the STATE.

ACHMET on his return to his palace assembled the Divan; the Divan were of opinion that this treasure lay hid in the earth, and orders were issued to search for it throughout his highness's dominions.

Many gold mines being discovered; Achmet at the summit of his happiness, exclaimed in his joy.

O thou good old man! ambassador from heaven! O thou protecting genius of Achmet! how shall I thank thee as I ought?

I have found that treasure of inestimable value, whereby I should equal the greatest

greatest monarchs of the earth in power and glory.

It was harvest time, and it being customary to offer the first fruits to the sultan, young virgins presented him with superb ears of corn, bunches of grapes, and other fruits; they were of gold, and surpassed all that had hitherto been seen of the kind in size and splendor.

Nevertheless Sterility, mother of want, extended herself over all the neighbouring country; by-and-by came famine, that monster with its hundred jaws, to devour the state, breathing death, and training after it a thousand hideous skeletons.

The unfortunate Achmet traversing his country, sees heaps of dead

and dying persons, on heaps of gold; floods of tears gushed from his eyes at the sight; he rent his garments, tore his hair, and beat his breast, whilst his oppressed heart and motionless tongue denied a free passage even to his sighs.

At length giving way to his grief, My kingdom, cries he, abounds with gold and silver, yet do I feel all the horrors* of the most

* Pithius, prince of Celene, in Lydia, was guilty of the same folly as Achmet; A prodigious quantity of mines being discovered in his country, all the artists and inhabitants were employed in working them. Dining one day with his royal spouse, she filled the dishes with gold and silver, neatly carved in imitation of meat; Pithius was a moment amused with the novelty of the thing, but the second course being the same, he could not help expressing his surprize: Sire, answered the princess, I treat you just as you treat your subjects; you who prevent them from cultivating the land, certainly intend to feed them on gold.

cruel

cruel indigence; alas! in how deplorable a situation are my poor subjects!
O when shall I see those happy days
which have been declared unto me!
where then is this promised treasure?





APOLOGUE III.

AGRICULTURE.

THE mines were abandoned to cultivate the land, great privileges now were granted to the husbandman, the needy were succoured, the most industrious encouraged, honoured, and rewarded.

The plow-share thus enobled, the country wore another face; the inhabitants, nourished by a solid and wholesome food, became more robust; and with the health of the body they recovered that of the soul.

No longer those unhappy wretches that misery rendered despicable to all
men,

men, who feared to perpetuate their race, and were glad to send away their children into the great cities to be slaves.

Raised by my cares to the glorious title of man, they now implant sentiments of honor in their children's hearts ; I see these new citizens grow up in the love of labour and strictness of probity.

Their souls supported by a noble pride, the fruit of public credit and private competence, the time is now at hand, when candor and mirth shall inhabit the lands.

Thus Achmet; he thought himself already arrived at the pinnacle of glory, when a neighbouring prince, jealous of his people's welfare, in-

vaded and ravaged his country, and so plunged him anew in the abyfs of misfortunes.

Achmet, obliged to submit to the too rapid streams of this furious torrent, recovered from the good opinion he had formed of himself, and sighing said, too soon I thought I possessed that inestimable treasure which had been foretold unto me.

Ah wretched me ! how hard to find, and how distant am I yet from it !



A P O L O G U E IV.

ACHMET *and the* IMAN.

ON E of the chief Iman's of the kingdom, in order to restore the prince to his former tranquillity and joy, Sire, says he, cast not thine eyes on the perishable things of this world, piety is the only real treasure.

A C H M E T.

What doth it command to be done for the good of the state?

The I M A N.

To guard against the ambition of the age, and to raise none to dignities but such as distinguish themselves by their zeal for the worship of the God of true believers; so shall the hea-

ven rain down its blessings upon thy subjects.

A C H M E T.

But suppose that hypocrisy wear the mask of devotion to deceive me?

The I M A N.

That heaven will ne'er permit.

A C H M E T.

But pious men through incapacity oft fall into great errors, that others would have avoided; and in such a case, shall I not have to reproach myself?

The I M A N.

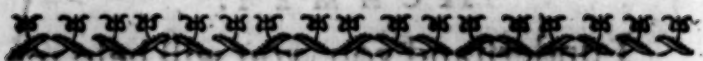
Fear not, Sire, the prayers of the just shall mount up even to the throne of the king of kings: he will graciously look down upon you, and enlighten you with his inspiration; and if my poor counsel can be of any service, depend on it every day of my life.

A C H -

A C H M E T.

I understand you, you will help me
to govern my kingdom, or rather you
will take upon you to fulfil my du-
ties; but who then, I pray you, will
discharge thine own.





APOLOGUE V.

ACHMET and the WISE MAN.

IT was reported that a certain wise man possessed a treasure preferable to all the riches of the universe; on a sudden Hope firmly stepped up to the sultan with an open countenance, reassumed his drooping spirits, and directed him to the sage's solitary habitation.

Achmet, on his arrival, made known the object of his journey; Sire, answered the wise man, endowed with a sensible soul, and resolute mind, I have long been at misfortune's school; experience is my
my

my treasure, but that is not sufficient for a king. Follow me and you shall find the treasure you have need of; 'tis by vigilance that one arrives at it; vigilance is the key to the doors of victory, and the treasury of abundance.

If thou wilt that the sun of glory arise on thee, never let the star of light outrun thee in its course. Thus spoke the sage; the sultan thanked, and offered to follow him.



APOLOGUE VI.

The Remedy worse than the Disease.

SCARCE had they advanced two steps when Achmet put this question. What must I do to banish the arts and sciences from my kingdom ?

The S A G E.

Cover them with ridicule and disgrace; distaste is sufficient to stifle genius; when once the torch of genius ceases to light the arts in their course, little talents, who despise one another, engage and destroy themselves. But why the question ?

A C H M E T.

Because I believe the arts as pernicious to government, as ignorance is favorable.

The

The S A G E.

How so?

A C H M E T.

The more enlightened the age,
the greater number of unbelievers
and bad citizens.

The S A G E.

That is not the fault of the sci-
ences, if it be so.*

A C H-

* To dare to put the question, whether the
arts and sciences are most useful or prejudi-
cial to mankind is not only an act of folly, but
a most blamable absurdity. The arts have al-
ready so many enemies; why seek then to flat-
ter the vanity of fools, by disgracing ourselves,
by depressing the only thing which exalts man
above himself?

'Tis flattery, that mortal contagion which
spreads itself from the court to the city, and from
the city into the country, that causes the ruin of
empires; from thence it is that impudence gets
the better of merit, and that riches are more
honored than virtue: if probity alone was re-
spected, all mankind would take a pride in be-
ing

A C H M E T.

The people are more attached to their religion and their prince in ages of ignorance.

The S A G E.

Say, rather, they are more superstitious and more slavish.

A C H M E T.

Well, then they are more pious and more submissive.

The S A G E.

You mistake then superstition for piety, and slavery for submission; he that is superstitious is a most dangerous idolator, because he is fanatick; nor is the slave less to be dreaded;

ing virtuous; let flattery once be driven out of the land, and the fear of dishonor will soon drive away vice; then the greater progress men make in the arts, so much the more will they be excited to the love and practice of virtue.

the

the tyrant doth not sit so sure upon his throne as the monarch.

Once upon a time, the king of a very warlike and seditious people, would have rendered them more peaceable and submissive; he invited into his country a vast number of flute-players and courtezans; every day was now observed as a feast, and his subjects were obliged to exchange their helmets and their bucklers for long robes of silk glittering with gold and silver; the most voluptuous dances succeeded the most sumptuous banquets: Incontinence and effiminacy took place of labour and sobriety. What was the consequence? why the prince, instead of submissive men, had nought but women.

Of

Of a learned to make an ignorant people is to degrade man and liken him unto the brute; that is not to render him more easily conducted, but more easily imposed on.





APOLOGUE VII.

The F O R E S T.

THE Owner of a forest died in the greatest poverty ; his son armed himself with a hatchet, and transformed part of the trees into leavers, pullies and wheels, and with the oaks, the firs and the willows, he built palaces, cottages, ships and barks, and now he became the richest man in the country.

Sire, saith the sage to the sultan, your subjects are the trees of the forest, learn to distinguish the oak from the willow, and remember that the weakest willow ought not to be an useless tree.

A P O-



APOLOGUE VIII.

The PEOPLE.

TO execute what your apologue prescribes, I must have the art to gain the love of the people; they are so fickle, so humorous and fantastick! Ay, says the sage, and above all things envious, and generally repay with ingratitude their fellow citizens, who sacrifice their interests to the publick weal; but they are not the same with regard to their princes; they look upon them in another light; far from envying, they only seek to admire them, and like a besotted lover, pay a hundred fold for the most trifling favor.

A

A * prince may always reign in the hearts of his subjects, when the flatterer is not master of his.

* How easy is it for a king to make himself the object of his people's love and admiration! He who has acquired the reputation of a great prince, would have been but an ordinary man in private life.





APOLOGUE IX.

The TREASURE.

WHILST Achmet and the sage were discoursing thus, they insensibly passed over a vast extent of country ; after a long and painful course they found themselves at last on the very spot of ground where the sultan's horse had thrown him. Here stopped the sage.

'Twas on an eminence where the finest cedars of the forest reigned. Look around you, says the sage to the sultan : at these words the trees shook ; their trunks divided ; the branches reunited, and the bark disappeared, which a white and livid skin succeeds ; Achmet observes how
the

the leaves which shade the cedars
lofty heads, assume the form of hair.

He sees them diminish by de-
grees, and transform themselves into
men, and being struck dumb with
surprize.

The heavens on a sudden open,
the air is in flames, and on a throne
of gold, supported by genius's, de-
scends a venerable old man; Achmet
knew him to be the same who had
appeared to him before.

Thou seest here, says the ancient to
the sultan, those of thy subjects whom
nature hath endowed with the most rare
and useful talents; if thou employest
them aright they will become the most
able politicians, the most renowned
generals, and the most celebrated *ar.

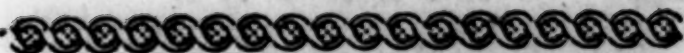
* A great king is the declared protector of
all the arts; however proud he may be, he will
ad-

tists. Behold then the treasure I promised thee, thou knowest it, use it as you ought; shut thine ears to envy's clamors, let these great souls display their daring wings, and soar aloft; they will extend thy glory to the extremities of the earth; thou shalt be the father of thy people, an object of love and terror to the universe, and a model for princes.

Hereupon the ancient and the sage disappeared; Achmet found himself in his palace surrounded by the greatest men of his empire.

admire the great artist, as much as he is admired by the artist.

He feels that superior talents of every kind demand extent of genius, and elevation of mind, and that he who was a Homer, would have been an Alexander, had he confined his ambition to conquest.



APOLOGUE X.

The Two SAVAGES.

TWO Savages, settled on a little island, had divided it between them. The one had for his share, delightful plains, and a forest peopled with great numbers of oxen and horses. The other, less fortunate, rocks, precipices, and a forest inhabited by nought but asses, and such despicable cattle, had fallen to his share.

The owner of the rich plains, willing to learn the disposition of his new subjects, found that the horse and the ox were naturally haughty and captious. • He observed that both had vicious inclinations; the one kick'd, the other tofs'd

tofs'd; so in his anger he made a vow to cut them off.

In the interim, some asses, who had heedlessly strayed, appeared at his court. They had a sedate and gentle mien. Charmed by such flattering outsidcs, he received them with open arms.

The oxen and horses were now so disgraced and persecuted, that all who could make their escape, fled to his neighbour's country.

He, on their arrival, more wisely said to himself: These active and vigorous animals might certainly be rendered much more serviceable than those slow and weakly beasts I make use of, for want of better. They are fierce, but not wild; humourfome, but not cruel. Nothing wanting but to tame them to render

render them serviceable. This he endeavoured to do ; and he succeeded. Then all his lands became fertile ; the heaviest burdens were transported with ease ; and he himself flew along, as it were, as rapidly as the birds of the air, whilst his companion was mounted on a forry beast, who bowed under his weight, and performed with infinite pain what was no more than an amusement for the other.

Ah ! how greatly was I deceived, says he. Those qualities which at first please, are often the proofs of mediocrity ; and defects which shock us, are often the source and tokens of rising virtues.

He saw his error ; but it was too late. An industrious man gets the better of all things, but a horse-chesnut and a dervise.



A P O L O G U E X I .

The SATRAP in the SHADES.

A Persian grandee went to inhabit the shades. Before he got to his destined place, his ears were agreeably surprized by the harmonious sounds of various voices,

These accents proceeded from a bower of myrtles and roses. Turning about on that side, Here, says he, surely reside the greatest favorites of heaven ; and the charming voices I hear are those of celestial spirits. The little shrubs I tread on blossom under my footsteps ; and the farther I advance the heavens appear more serene, and the delicious perfumes I breathe

I breathe communicate a soft voluptuousness to my soul.

The stillness which reigns here passeth insensibly to my heart. How happy should I be, if admitted into this delightful abode !

He advanced. But as soon as he was arrived at the entrance of the bower, a shadow barring his passage, Thou seest, said he to him in a severe tone, the residence of those who have rendered their country illustrious by their talents and their wisdom ; darest thou set thy foot within here ?

Who shall hinder me, answered the Satrap ? He who was their protector on earth, who spent his life

K 3 with

with them, can he not see them here ? He can, said the Shadow ; nay, he may even hope to obtain an honourable rank amongst them.

* But he who hath raised from the dust a crowd of little souls, and hath exalted them to the clouds because they crawled beneath his feet ; he who hath never shewn but an insulting pity to merit in distress, and who hath granted it his humiliating favors with insolence ; such a one may enter

* What fine matter for comedy wou'd these little tyrants of arts afford ? those Midas's called *patrons* in derision, who stand in the way of all those who are in pursuit of glory ; poor admirers, or sanguinary persecutors, ever lavish in praise and calumny ; these are the men who pretend to an exclusive right of giving brevets of immortality ; and if you are not the hero of their cabals, you are sure to be the victim. O Moliere, Moliere, why art thou no more ?

indeed

indeed, but hath no right to abide here.

Hereupon the Shadow disappeared. The Satrap entered the bower. He hoped to find all those whom he had countenanced upon earth; and pleased to think how joyfully they would receive him, redoubled his pace.

He arrived in a circle, where several of the inhabitants of this happy abode formed that enchanting concert which had attracted him. He was seized with admiration and respect at so striking a spectacle.

Here, young men their golden tresses floating at the discretion of the winds, made the neighbouring echoes ring with their melodious sounds.

There,

There, the venerable ancients, animated by a divine enthusiasm, taught their lutes and golden harps to resound afar.

Different companies were assembled here and there, besotted with a pure and celestial joy. The Satrap searched around, and saw not a soul that he knew.

That instant he observed an apparition, to whom the rest rendered great honours, and who seemed to be but newly arrived; he approached him, and softly said, I congratulate you, you are as well received here, as I am ill.

The GHOST.

That is not at all surprizing.

The

APOLOGUES. 201

The SATRAP.

Why?

The GHOST.

When on earth, thou wast nought
but a Grandee.

The SATRAP.

And thou, what wert thou?

The GHOST.

A Man.



APO.



E P I L O G U E,

B Y

AMED BEN MOHAMED

O Patriotism! to thee do I offer
 up my praises, in that thou hast
 graciously descended to inflame my
 heart, and enlighten my understand-
 ing with thy pure and celestial fires.

Inspiring me with a noble confi-
 dence, thou didst put into mine hand
 the torch of truth, that it might
 shine forth before men.

Yet think not, addedst thou, that
 Man, like unto the eagle, can pene-
 trate the clouds, to settle near the
 star the author of light.

Unequal to the attempt, his eye-
 lids, which Aurora's gentle beams
 disclose

disclose, shut again, dazzled by excessive brightness.

Like unto the timid inhabitants of the air, 'tis under cover of the verdant boughs, that man delighteth to bask in the kindly fires of the sun.

Aid his incapacity by shewing him the truth; let fiction be the bower to temperate the force of its rays.

So didst thou say unto me, and thy tender and affecting voice yet resoundeth in mine ears.

O thou! who seest into my soul; if it be true that thou, O patriotism! art the object of my labours, thou knowest the recompence I dare to ask thee.

No; 'tis not the vain, the brilliant palm, that fruit of an ungrateful and painful labour, that contested glory,

which produceth nought but admiration.

'Tis that sincere and lasting esteem often refused to ingenuous productions, but always granted to those of an upright and honest heart.

O ! could I, by my poor endeavours, but introduce soft persuasion's stream into the heart, as the hand of the husbandman directs the lympid fountain's course into the midst of his meadows!

For lo ! his plains become fertile, the cattle feed with delight on the tender nourishing herb.

And they increase and multiply like the leaves of the young oak in the fine days of spring.

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END of the FOURTH and last Book.

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